



OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY.



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PRESS

LOOK ABOUT YOU

1600

THE MALONE SOCIETY  
REPRINTS

1913

This reprint of *Look about You* has been prepared under the direction of the General Editor.

*Dec. 1913.*

W. W. Greg.

No entry of *Look about You* has been found in the Stationers' Register. It was printed for William Ferbrand in quarto, with the date 1600, and bore the devices of Edward Allde. The type is roman of a size approximating to modern pica (20 ll. = 83 mm.). Copies are in the British Museum, the Bodleian Library, the Dyce Collection, and in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire. The second of these is imperfect, wanting the last two sheets, and is somewhat mutilated besides. The present reprint is based on the Bodleian copy so far as it goes, supplemented from that in the British Museum, while the two other copies mentioned have also been consulted.

On the title-page is a statement to the effect that the piece had lately been performed by the Lord Admiral's company. In 1600 these men had been for some years in regular occupation of the Rose, Henslowe's playhouse on the Bankside. Unfortunately there is no entry in that manager's accounts of any play which can be identified with the present piece with sufficient plausibility to make it worth while discussing the matter here. It must however be mentioned that in June and July 1601 we find Henslowe making advances to one Anthony Wadeson, a poet who does not elsewhere appear in the Diary, in earnest of a play called 'The Honourable Life of the Humorous Earl of Gloucester with his Conquest of Portugal' (fols. 85, 87<sup>v</sup>, 91<sup>v</sup>). Since *Look about You* ends with Gloucester's announcement of his purpose of going to Portugal to drive out the Saracens, it is fairly obvious that Wadeson's play was intended as a sequel to the present piece. There is then some, though not very conclusive, ground for supposing that Anthony Wadeson may have been the author of *Look about You*.

## LIST OF DOUBTFUL READINGS, &C.

N.B.—The following is primarily a list of those passages in which the reading of the original is open to question, and of those in which different copies of the original have been found to vary. It also includes a number of readings which are evident typographical blunders of the original, or which are liable to be mistaken for such, this being necessary as a defence of the accuracy of the reprint. It makes, however, no pretence of supplying a complete list of errors and corruptions, still less of offering any criticism or emendation, nor does the appearance of a reading in this list necessarily imply that it is incorrect.

The printing of the present play is far from accurate. In a very large number of cases speeches end with a comma, and towards the end colons are frequent after speakers' names. These two irregularities have been disregarded in the following list. Only one instance of a variation between copies has been observed (l. 285).

82 <i>Old.</i>	716 <i>faith</i>
191 <i>left</i>	749 <i>Vertuoos</i>
214 <i>an]</i> <i>possibly a n</i>	752 <i>Solicitie</i>
216 <i>] no catchword</i>	782 <i>calling</i>
282 <i>Aud]</i> <i>really turned n</i>	784 <i>Porter,</i>
285 <i>Iob O]</i> <i>Iob O Bodl. Dyce, Devon.:</i> <i>Ib O B.M.</i>	879 <i>them</i>
298 <i>fifly]</i> <i>possibly fi tly</i>	895 <i>passe, Skink]</i> <i>comma doubtful</i>
343 <i>lands</i>	897 <i>and</i>
369 <i>to you</i>	918 <i>Exit.]</i> <i>period doubtful</i>
414 <i>wiu,</i>	933 <i>harsh]</i> <i>r doubtful, portion visible</i> <i>in Dyce</i>
445 <i>Faukenbridge</i>	966 <i>plauge</i>
472 <i>fieldes,</i>	972 <i>number lesse</i>
520 <i>ty de,</i>	997 <i>Quee</i>
531 <i>Fau kenbridge,</i>	1002 <i>off,</i>
567 <i>antiquity</i>	1014, 1027 <i>Quee</i>
578 <i>Blo</i>	1045 <i>Gads</i>
580 <i>will</i>	1054 <i>heere:</i>
585 <i>excepts</i>	1065 <i>that]</i> <i>lacuna</i>
595 <i>ties</i>	1117 <i>ever</i>
603 <i>he</i>	1121 <i>Pnrfeuant.]</i> <i>really turned u</i>
619 <i>Ric</i>	1128 <i>Exeunt.</i>
623 <i>(you</i>	1181 <i>heare,]</i> <i>first e doubtful</i>
628 <i>B/s,</i>	1267 <i>Betteriwis</i>
630 <i>base</i>	1278 <i>Ski</i>
712 <i>Laz.</i> <i>how</i>	1289 <i>suspition,</i>
713 <i>fercrety.</i>	1352 <i>Io</i>
	1373 <i>Gloste radieu.</i>

1386 <i>Fau</i>	2344 as
1411 <i>Fau</i> ,	2356 <i>Rob</i> ,
1447 <i>BerLady</i> ,	2369 himselfe ;
1452 <i>Ricb.</i>	2371 me. she
1472 <i>Salutation.</i> ] possibly <i>Salutation</i> ,	2402 <i>Exit</i>
1526 <i>Dra</i> ,	2432 it,] possibly it.
1548 <i>Withing</i>	2494 (friend
1549 <i>stickt.</i> ] possibly <i>stickt</i> ,	2504 <i>twise</i>
1567 <i>Richard</i> .	2511 <i>wondrous</i>
1579] <i>indented</i>	2571 <i>blindand</i>
1581 <i>seeke,</i> ] possibly <i>see ke</i> ,	2579 <i>sport</i>
1586 <i>out</i> ,	2582 <i>wray</i>
1589 <i>twy lights</i>	2587 <i>hy</i>
1608 <i>lyiug</i>	2593 <i>aspectacle</i> ,
1609-10 <i>plea-[snre,</i> ] <i>really turned u</i>	2643 <i>theeuish</i> ] possibly <i>the euish</i>
1659 <i>th'emasffe</i> ,	2669 <i>Ley</i> ,
1667 <i>Ricb.</i>	2699 <i>La</i> ,
1697 <i>fo</i>	2719 <i>tougue</i>
1743 <i>at</i>	2725 <i>admit</i> ] possibly <i>a dmit</i>
1758 <i>Lordships</i>	2758 <i>He's</i>
1771 <i>c.w. it</i>	Block Bl.
1792 <i>ad</i>	2790 <i>g one</i>
1812 <i>Red</i> ,	2793 <i>Princcffe</i>
1844 <i>Exit</i>	2833 <i>cornation</i> ,
1869 <i>houour'd</i>	2874 <i>Coronts.</i>
1989 <i>he'll</i>	2879 <i>she a Coronet</i>
2026 <i>them</i>	2915 <i>Ley</i> ,
2028 <i>apray.</i>	2918 <i>A gainst</i>
2035 <i>Fa.</i>	2930 <i>William</i>
2038 <i>abots</i>	2962 <i>resoul'd</i> ,
2041 <i>Fau</i> ,	3002 <i>furyes</i> ] possibly <i>furyes</i>
2107 <i>Glo</i>	3018 <i>ex ecution</i>
2125 <i>font</i>	3054 <i>Soveraigne</i> .
2129 <i>the fiends</i> ] possibly <i>thefiends</i>	3072 <i>it</i>
2164 <i>be thinke</i>	3120 <i>mad :</i>
2175 <i>your are</i>	3121 <i>Hen</i>
2200 <i>in</i> ,	3195 <i>scotrch</i>
2216 <i>inposed</i>	3212 <i>Exeunt</i>
2241 <i>eue n</i>	Running-titles :
2284 <i>made : ?</i>	E 2 <sup>v</sup> A] <i>really turned V</i>
2312 <i>methinkes</i> ] possibly <i>me thinkes</i>	E 3 <sup>v</sup> V
2314 <i>prining</i>	H 3 <sup>v</sup> <i>Commodity</i> ,] possibly
2317 <i>wowen</i>	C om mody,
2318 <i>giuen good</i> ] possibly <i>giuengood</i>	I 3 <i>Looke</i> ] possibly <i>Lo o ke</i>
2324 <i>La</i>	

## LIST OF CHARACTERS

in order of appearance.

ROBIN HOOD, Earl of HUNTINGDON.	a Constable of the Watch.
his Servant.	BLOCK, servant to Fauconbridge.
SKINK.	Lady FAUCONBRIDGE, sister to Gloucester.
HENRY the Second, King of England.	the Porter of the Fleet.
HENRY	Queen ELINOR, wife of King Henry.
RICHARD	a Pursuivant.
JOHN	a Drawer.
ROBERT, Earl of GLOUCESTER.	a Sheriff.
Earl of LANCASTER.	HUMPHREY, servant to Fauconbridge.
Earl of CHESTER.	a Page of Lady Rawford's.
Earl of LEICESTER.	Music.
Sir RICHARD FAUCONBRIDGE.	the Wife of Prince Henry.
the Warden of the Fleet.	
REDCAP, son to the porter of the Fleet.	

Two Heralds, Watch, Sheriffs, Officers, Huntsmen, Senet, Isabel wife of Prince John.

The name Humphrey, by which the servingman in Sc. xi (ll. 1767-8) is addressed, is most likely that of the actor Humphrey Jeffes.

A  
PLEASANT  
COMMODIE,  
CALLED  
Locke about you.

As it was lately played by the right honoura-  
ble the Lord High Admiral his seruants



L O N D O N ,  
Printed for William Ferbrand, and are to be  
solde at his shop at the signe of the Crowne  
neere Guild-hall gate.  
1600.





*A pleasant Commoditye*  
called  
*Looke about you.*

*Enter Robert Hood a young Noble-man, a servant to him,  
wch ryding wande in thys landes, as if they had beene new  
lighred.*

*Robert.*

**G**os, walke the horses, wayte me on the hill,  
This is the Hermit's Cell, got out of sight:  
My busines with him must not be reual'd,  
To any mortall creature but himselfe.  
So I. Ile waite your honouer in the croffe high-way. *Exit.*  
*Rob. Dico to: Hermit: deuon and reverend,  
If a droufe age keepe not thy stffenid ioyntes,  
On thy vniestfull bed, or if the houres  
Of holy Orizous detayne thee not,  
Come foorth.*

*Enter Skynke like an Hermit*

*Skynke. Good morrow for good morrow, & God beth thee  
A brighte Gleame of true Nobility. (Huntington,  
Shines not in any youth more then in thee.  
Thou shal be rich in honour, full of speed,  
Thou shal win foes by feare, and friend: by meede.*

*Rob. Father, I come not now to know my fate,  
Important busynesses vrgeth Princeely Richard, *Deliver letters.*  
In these termes to safere thy reverent age.*

*Read and be briefe, I know some cause of trut,  
Made him imploy me for his messenger.*

*Skynke. A cause of trut indeed true honoured youth,  
Princes had need in matties of import,*

*A*

*To*



A  
PLEASANT  
COMMODIE,  
*CALLED*  
Looke about you.

As it was lately played by the right honourable the Lord High Admirall his seruaunts



L O N D O N,  
Printed for William Ferbrand, and are to be  
folde at his shop at the signe of the Crowne  
neere Guild-hall gate.  
1600.





*A pleasaunt Commoditye  
called  
Looke about you.*

*Enter Robert Hood a young Noble-man, a seruant with him, sc. i  
with ryding wandes in theyr handes, as if they had beene new  
lighted.*

*Robert.*

**G**oe, walke the horses, wayte me on the hill,  
This is the Hermits Cell, goe out of sight:  
My busines with him must not be reueal'd,  
To any mortall creature but himselfe.

*Seru.* Ile waite your honour in the croffe high-way. *Exit.*

*Rob.* Doe so: Hermit deuout and reuerend, 10  
If droufie age keepe not thy stiffened ioyntes,  
On thy vnrestfull bed, or if the houres  
Of holy Orizons detayne thee not,  
Come foorth.

*Enter Skinke like an Hermit.*

*Skin.* Good morrow son, good morrow, & God blesse thee  
A brighter Gleame of true Nobility (Huntington,  
Shines not in any youth more then in thee.  
Thou shalt be rich in honour, full of speed,  
Thou shalt win foes by feare, and friends by meede. 20

*Rob.* Father, I come not now to know my fate,  
Important busines vrgeth Princely *Richard*, *Deliuuer letters.*  
In these termes to salute thy reuerent age.  
Read and be briefe, I know some cause of trust,  
Made him imploy me for his messenger.

*Skin.* A cause of trust indeed true honoured youth,  
Princes had need in matters of import,

A pleafant Commodity,  
To make nice choyse faire Earle, if I not erre,  
Thou art the Princes ward.

*Ro.* Father I am his ward, his Chamberlaine & bed-fellow. 30

*Skin.* Faire fall thee honourable *Robert Hood*,  
Wend to Prince *Richard*, say though I am loath,  
To vse my skill in Coniuration :  
Yet *Skinke* that poysoned red cheekt *Rosamond*,  
Shall make appearaunce at the Parliament,  
He shall be there by noone assure his Grace.

*Rob.* Good morrow Father, see you faile him not,  
For though the villaine did a horrible deed,  
Yet hath the young King *Richard*, and Earle *John*,  
Sworne to defend him from his greatest foes. 40

*Skin.* Gods benizon be with thee noble Earle.

*Rob.* Adew good father, holla there, my horse ? *Exit.*

*Skin.* Vp, spur the kicking Iade, while I make speede  
To Coniure *Skinke* out of his Hermits weede ;  
Lye there religion, keep thy M. graue,  
And on the faire trust of these Princes word  
To Court againe *Skinke* : but before I goe,  
Let mischiefe take aduise of villany,  
Why to the Hermit letters should be sent,  
To poast *Skinke* to the Court incontinent :  
Is there no tricke in this ? ha let me see ?  
Or doe they know already I am he ?  
If they doe so, faith westward then with *Skinke* :  
But what an asse am I to be thus fond,  
Heere lyes the Hermit whom I dying found  
Some two monthes fince, when I was howerly charg'd  
With *Hugh* the Cryer and with Constables,  
I saw him in the ready way to heauen,  
I helpt him forward, t'was a holy deed ;  
And there he lyes some fixe foote in the ground,  
Since when, and fince, I kept me in his weedes.  
O what a world of fooles haue fill'd my Cell ;  
For Fortunes, run-awaies, stolne goods, lost cattle,  
Among the number, all the faction  
That take the young Kings part against the olde ; 50

Come

called Looke about you.

Come to my selfe to harken for my selfe,  
So did the aduerse party make enquire,  
But eyther fall full of contrary desyre:  
The olde Kings part would kill me being stain'd,  
The young Kings keep me from their violence.  
So then thou needst not feare, goe boldly on,  
Braue *Hall*, Prince *Dicke*, and my spruce hot spur *John*,  
Heer's their safe conduct: O but for *Rosamond*!  
A fig for *Rosamond*, to this hope Ile leane:  
At a Queenes bidding I did kill a queane.

70

*Sound Trumpets, enter with a Harrald on the one side, Henry the sc. ii  
second Crowned, after him Lancaster, Chester, Sir Richard  
Faukenbridge: on the other part, K. Henry the Sonne crowned,  
Herrald after him: after him Prince Rich. Iohn, Leyster, being  
set, enters fantasticall Robert of Gloster in a gowne girt: walkes 80  
vp and downe.*

*Old. K.* Why doth not *Gloster* take his honoured seate?

*Glo.* In faith my Liege *Gloster* is in a land  
Where neyther fuerty is to sit or stand.  
I onely doe appeare as I am summoned,  
And will awaite without till I am call'd.

*Yon. K.* Why heare you *Gloster*?

*Glo. Henry* I doe heare you.

*Yon. K.* And why not King?

*Glo.* What's he that fits so neere you? 90

*Rich.* King too.

*Glo.* Two Kings? ha, ha.

*Ol. K.* *Gloster* fit we charge thee.

*Glo.* I will obey your charge, I will sit downe,  
But in this house, on no seate but the ground.

*Iohn.* The seat's too good.

*Glo.* I know it brother *Iohn*.

*Jo.* Thy brother? *Ol. K.* Silence there.

*Yon. K.* Passe to the billes Sir *Richard Faukenbridge*.

*Fau.* My Lieges both, olde *Faukenbridge* is proude  
Of your right honour'd charge. He that worst may  
Will straine his olde eyes, God send peace this day. 100

## A pleafant Commodity

A bill for the releasement of the Queene prefer'd,  
By *Henry* the young King, *Rich.* the Prince, *John* Earle  
Of Murton, *Bobmine* Earle of Leister and the cōmons:

*Old K.* Did you preferre this byll?

*All.* We did.

*Cheft. Lanc.* Yee did not well.

*Glo.* Why this is good, now shall we haue the hell.

*3. Bro. Chester and Lanchaſter* you wrong the King.

110

*Cheft. Lan.* Our King we doe not.

*Yon. K.* Doe not you see me crown'd?

*Lanc.* But whilst he liues we to none else are bound.

*Ley.* Is it not wrong thinke you, when all the world

Troubled with rumour of a captiue Queene,

Imprifoned by her husband in a Realme,

Where her owne sonne doth weare a Diademe?

Is like an head of people mutinous,

Still murmuring at the shame done her and vs?

Is't not more wrong when her mother zeale

120

Sounded through Europe, Affricke, Affia,

Tels in the hollow of newes-thirstling eares,

Queene *Elinor* liues in a dungion,

For pitty and affection to her sonne:

But when the true caufe, Cliffords daughters death

Shall be exposed to stranger nations:

What volumnes will be writ, what lybels spred?

And in each lyne our state dishonoured.

*Fauk.* My Lord speakes to the purpose, mary it may bee fo,  
Pray God it prooue not fo.

130

*Ley.* Heare me conclude, and there withall conclude,

It is an heynous and vnheard-of finne:

Queene *Elinor* daughter to Kingly Fraunce,

King *Henries* wife and royll *Henries* mother,

Is kept cloſe prisoner for an acte of Iustice,

Committed on an odious Concubine,

*Kin.* Thou wrongſt her *Leister*.

*Lei.* Leachers euer praise the caufe of their confuſion, ſhe

*Fau.* She was ill ſpoken of it's true, true. (was vile

*Gloft.* Yonder fits one would doe as much for you

140

Old

called Looke about you.

Olde foole, young *Richard* hath a gift I know it,  
And on your wife my sister would bestow it.  
Heer's a good world men hate adulterous fin,  
Count it a gulfe, and yet they needs will in.

*Lei.* What answere for the Queene?

*Lan.* The King replyes your words are foule flaunderous  
*John.* His highnes fayes not so. (forgeryes.

*Lan.* His highnes doth,  
Tels you its a shame for such wilde youth,  
To smother any impiety, 150  
With shew to chastice loose adulterie.  
Say *Rosamond* was *Henries* Concubine,  
Had never King a Concubine but he?  
Did *Rosamond* begin the fires in Fraunce?  
Made she the Northerne borders reeke with flames?  
Vnpeopled she the townes of Picardy?  
Left she the wiues of England husbands?  
O no: she finn'd I graunt, so doe we all,  
She fell her selfe, desiring none should fall;  
But *Elinor* whom you so much commend, 160  
Hath been the bellowes of seditious fire,  
Eyther through Iealous rage or mad desire;  
Ifst not a shame to thinke that she hath arm'd  
Foure Sonnes right hands, against their fathers head,  
And not the children of a low-priz'd wretch,  
But one whom God on earth hath deified?  
See where he fits with sorrow in his eyes,  
Three of his Sonnes and hers tutor'd by her,  
Smiles whilst he weeps, and with a proude disdaine,  
Imbrace blith mirth, while his sad heart complaine. 170

*Fau.* Ha laugh they? nay by the rood that is not wel,  
Now fie young Princes fie.

*Hen.* Peace doting foole.

*John.* Be silent asse.

*Fau.* With all my heart my Lords, my humble leauue my  
Gods mother asse and foole for speaking truth, (Lords  
Tis terrible, but fare yee well my Lords.

*Rich.* Nay stay good *Faukenbridge*, impute it rage,

That

A pleasant Commodity  
That thus abuses your right reuerend age,  
My brothers are too hot.

180

*Fau.* Too hot indeed, foole, asse, for speaking truth?  
it's more than need.

*Rich.* Nay good Sir *Richard* at my kinde intreat  
For all the loue I beare your noble houſe,  
Let not your absence kindle further wrath,  
Each ſide's at counſell now ſit downe I pray,  
Ile quite it with the kindeſt loue I may.

*Glo.* I to his wife.

*Fau.* Prince *Richard* Ile fit downe,  
But by the faith I owe fayre Englands Crowne,  
Had you not been I would haue lefft the place,  
My ſeruice merits not ſo much diſgrace.

190

*Ric.* Good *Faukenbridge* I thanke thee. *Go to their places.*

*Glo.* And you'l thinke of him, if you can ſtep into his bower  
at Stepney.

*Fau.* Prince Richard's very kinde, I know his kindenes,  
He loues me, but he loues my Lady better,  
No more, Ile watch him, Ile preuent his game,  
Young Lad, it's ill to halt before the lame.

*They breake a ſunder. Papers this while being offred and 200  
ſubſcribed betweene eyther.*

*Hen.* Ile not ſubſcribe to this indignity,  
Ile not be call'd a King but be a King;  
Allow me halfe the Realme, giue me the North,  
The Prouinces that lye beyond the Seas,  
Wales and the Iſles that compaffe in the mayne.

*Glo.* Nay giue him all and he will ſcant be pleaf'd.

*Rich.* Brother you aske too much.

*John.* To much, too little, hee ſhall haue that and more, I  
I will haue Nottingham and Salisbury, (ſweare he ſhall. 210  
Stafford and Darby, and ſome other Earledome,  
Or by S. *John* (whofe bleffed name I beare)  
Ile make theſe places like a wildernes.  
Iſt not a plague, an horriblie abuse,  
A King, a King of England, ſhould be Father  
To foure ſuch proper youths, as *Hall*, and *Dicke*,

called Looke about you.

My brother *Geffrey* and my proper selfe,  
And yet not giue his sonnes such maintenaunce,  
As he consumes among his minions.

*Ric.* Be more respectiue *John*.

220

*Io.* Respectiue *Richard*, are you turn'd pure? a changing we-  
I say it's reasoun *Henry* should be King, (ther-cocke?  
Thou Prince, I Duke, as *Ieffry* is a Duke.

*Lan.* What shall your Father doe?

*Io.* Liue at his prayers, haue a sufficient pention by the yere,  
Repent his finnes because his end is neere.

*Glo.* A gratious sonne, a very gratious sonne.

*Kin.* Will this content you? I that haue sat still,  
Amaz'd to see my sonnes deuoyde of shame;  
To heare my subiects with rebellious tonges,  
Wound the kinde bosome of their Soueraigne,  
Can no more beare, but from a bleeding hart  
Deliuier all my loue, for all your hate:  
Will this content thee cruell *Elinor*?

230

Your fauage mother, my vnciuill Queene;  
The Tygreffe that hath drunke the purple bloud,  
Of three times twenty thousand valiant men;  
Washing her red chaps, in the weeping teares,  
Of widdows, virgins, nurses, sucking babes.  
And lastly sorted with her damn'd consorts,  
Entred a labyrinth to murther loue.  
Will this content you? she shall be releast,  
That she may next feaze me she most enuyes.

240

*Hen.* Our mothers liberty is some content.

*Kin.* What else would *Henry* haue? *Hen.* The Kingdome.

*Kin.* Peruse this byll, draw neere let vs conferre.

*Job.* *Hall* be not answered but with Soueraignty,  
For glorious is the fway of Maiesty.

*Kin.* What would content you *John*?

*Job.* Fiue Earledomes Sir. *Kin.* What you sonne *Richard*? 250

*Ric.* Pardon gratious father, & th'furtheraunce for my vow  
For I haue sworne to God and all his Saints, (of penance  
These armes erected in rebellious brawles,  
Against my Father and my Soueraigne,

B

Shall

A pleasant Commodity,  
Shall fight the battles of the Lord of hoasts,  
In wrong'd Iudea and Palestina,  
That shall be Richards pennance for his pride,  
His bloud a satisfaction for his finne,  
His patrimony, men, munition,  
And meanes to waft them into Siria.

260

*Kin.* Thou shalt haue thy desire Heroyicke Sonne,  
As foone as other home-bred brawles are done.

*Lan.* Why weepes olde Faukenbridge ?

*Fau.* I am almost blind, to heare souns cruell, and the fathers  
Now well a neere that ere I liu'd to see, (kinde,  
Such patience and so much impiety.

*Glo.* Brother content thee this is but the first,  
Worse is a brewing, and yet not the worst.

*Lei.* You shall not stand to this. *Hen.* And why my Lord ?

*Ley.* The lands of Moorton doth belong to Iohn.

270

*Hen.* What's that to me, by Acte of Parlament,  
If they be mine confirm'd, he must be pleaf'd.

*Job.* Be pleaf'd King puppet ? haue I stood for thee,  
Euen in the mouth of death ? open'd my armes  
To sercle in feditious vgly shape ?  
Shooke hands with duety, bad adew to vertue,  
Prophan'd all Maiefsty in heauen and earth ;  
Writ in blacke Carracters on my white brow,  
The name of rebell Iohn against his Father :  
For thee, for thee, thou Otimie of honour,  
Thou worme of Maiefsty, thou froth, thou puble.  
Aud must I now be pleaf'd in pease to stand,  
While statutes make thee owner of my land ?

280

*Glo.* Good pastime good, now will the theeuers fall out ?

*Job* O if I doe, let me be neuer held  
Royall King Henryes sonne, pardon me father,  
Pull downe this rebell that hath done thee wrong.  
Dicke, come and leaue his side, assayle him Lords,  
Let's haue no party but with billes and swoordes.

*Ki.* Peace Iohn, lay downe thy armes, heare Henry speake, 290  
He mindes thee no such wrong.

*Io.* He were not best.

*Hen.* Why

called Looke about you.

*Hen.* Why hayre-brain'd brother can yee brooke no iest?  
I doe confirme you Earle of Nottingham.

*Io.* And Moorton too? *Hen.* I and Moorton too.

*Io.* Why so, now once more Ile sit downe by you.

*Glo.* Blow winde, the youngest of King Henries stocke,  
Would fitly serue to make a weather-cocke.

*Io.* Gape earth, challenge thine owne as Gloster lyes,  
Pitty such mucke is couer'd with the skies.

300

*Fau.* Be quiet good my Lords, the Kings commaund  
You should be quiet, and tis very meete,  
It's most conuenient, how say you Prince Richard?

*Rich.* It is indeed.

*Fa.* Why that is wifely said, you are a very kinde indifferent  
Mary a God and by my hollidame, (man,  
Were not I had a feeling in my head,  
Of some suspition twixt my wife and him,  
I should affect him more then all the world.

*Glo.* Take heede olde Richard, keep thee there mad lad, 310  
My Sister's faire, and beauty may turne bad.

*Enter Robert Hood a paper in his hand.*

*Officer.* Roome there, make roome for young Huntington.

*Fau.* A gallant youth, a proper Gentleman.

*Hen.* Richard I haue had wrong about his wardship.

*Ric.* You cannot right your selfe.

*Io.* He can and shall.

*Ric.* Not with your help, but honourable youth  
Haue yee perform'd the busines I enioyn'd?

*Rob.* I haue, and Skinke is come, heere is his bill,

320

*Hen.* No matter for his bill let him come in.

*Kin.* Let him not enter, his infectious breath  
Will poyson the assembly.

*Gl.* Neuer doubt, ther's more infectious breaths about your  
Leyster is there, your enuious Sonnes is there; (Throne,  
If them you can endure, no poyson feare.

*Kin.* Content thee Gloster. (patient,

*Glo.* I must be content, when you that should mend all are

*Hen.* Welcome good Skinke thou iustly dost complaine,  
Thou standst in dread of death for Rosamond, 330

B 2

Whom

A pleasant Commodity,

Whom thou didst poyson at our dread commaund,  
And the appointment of our gratiouse Mother ;  
See heere my Fathers hand vnto thy pardon.

*Skin.* I receiue it gratioufly, wishing his soule sweet peace,  
in heauen for so meritorious a worke, for I feare me I haue  
not his heart though his hand.

*Kin.* Be sure thou hast not, murderous bloud-fucker,  
To iealous enuy executioner.

*Hen.* Besides thou fuest to haue some maintenaunce,  
We haue bethought vs how wee will reward thee, 340  
Thou shalt haue Rowden Lordship.

*Gloft.* Shal he so? will you reward your murtherers with my  
*Hen.* Your lands? it is our gift and he shall haue it. (lands

*Glo.* Ile give him seafure first with this and this. *Strike him.*

*John.* Lay holde on *Gloftter.*

*Kin.* Holde that murtherous *Skinke.*

*Glo.* Villaines hands off, I am a Prince, a Peere,  
And I haue borne disgrace while I can beare.

*Fau.* Knaues leaue your rudenes, how now brother  
*Gloftter?* nay be appeal'd, be patient brother. 350

*Rich.* Shift for thy selfe good *Skinke*, ther's golde, away :  
Heere will be parts.

*Skin.* Swonds Ile make one and stay.

*Job.* I prethee be gone since thus it falleth out,  
Take water, hence, away, thy life I doubt.

*Ski.* Well, farewell, get I once out of doore,  
*Skinke* neuer will put truft in warrants more. Exit.

*Kin.* Will *Gloftter* not be bridled ?

*Glo.* Yes my Liege and sadled too, and ryd, and spur'd, &  
Such misery (in your Raigne) falles your friends, (rayn'd, 360)  
Let goe my armes, you dunghyls let me speake.

*Kin.* Wher's that knaue *Skinke*? I charge you see him stayd.

*Fauk.* The swift heel'd knaue is fled, body a me heer's rule,  
Heer's worke indeed.

*Kin.* Follow that *Skinke*, let priuy search be made,  
Let not one passe except he be well knowne,  
Let poastes be euery way sent speedily,  
For ten miles compasse round about the Citty.

*Hen.* Take

called Looke about you.

*Hen.* Take *Gloster* to you Liefetenant of the Tower,  
Keep him aside till we conferre a while,  
Father you must subscribe to his committing.

370

*Lan.* Why must he *Henry*? (lawes.

*Ley.* Mary for this cause, he hath broke peace and violated  
*Glo.* So haue you all done, rebels as you be.

*Fau.* Good words good brother, heare me gratiouys Lords,

*Hen.* I prethee *Faukenbridge* be patient,

*Gloster* must of force answere this contempt.

*Kin.* I will not yeeld he shall vnto the Tower,  
Warden of th'Fleete take you the charge of *Gloster*.

380

*Hen.* Why be it so, yet stay with him a while,  
Till we take order for the company

That shall attend him, and refort to him.

*Glo.* Warden of the Fleete I see I am your charge,  
Befriend me thus, leaft by theyr commaund,  
I be preuented of what I intend.

*Keep.* Commaund me any seruice in my power.

*Glo.* I pray you call some nimble footed fellow,  
To doe a meffage for me to my fister.

*Keep.* Call in *Redcap*, he waiteth with a Tipstaffe, *Exit one*  
He stammers, but he's swift and trusty Sir. *for him.* 390

*Enter Redcap.*

*Glo.* No matter for his stammering, is this he?

*Red.* I I am am Re Redcap f f fir.

*Glo.* Run Redcap to Stepney.

*Red.* Ile be at Stepney p p presently.

*Glo.* Nay stay, goe to the Lady *Faukenbridge* my fister.

*Red.* The La La Lady *Fau Fau Faukenbreech*, I r r run fir.

*Glo.* But take thy errand, tell her I am prisoner,  
Committed to the Fleete.

*Red.* I am g g glad of th th that, my fa fa father the p p por- 400  
ter sha shall ge ge get a f f fee by you. *Still runnes.*

*Glo.* Stand still a while, desire her to make meanes  
Vnto Prince Richard for my liberty,  
At thy returne (make speed) I will reward thee.

*Red.* I am g g gone si fir.

*Rich.* Commend me to her gentle Huntington,

B 3

Tell

## A pleasant Commodity

Tell her in these affayres Ile stand her friend,  
Her brother shall not long be prisoner :  
Say I will visit her immediatlie.

Be gone sweete boy to Marian Faukenbridge,  
Thou lookest like loue perswade her to be louing.

410

*Ro.* So farre as honour will I will perswade,  
Ile lay loues battery to her modest eares,  
Second my milde assault, you may chaunce wiu,  
Fare parley at the leaft, may hap passe in.

*Exit.*

*Hen.* Heere take your charge, let no man speake with him,  
Except our selfe, our brethren, or Earle Leicester.

*Fau.* Not I my Lord, may not I speake with him ?

*Hen.* Yes Faukenbridge thou shalt.

*Jo.* And why ? he is his wiues brother.

420

*Fau.* Earle Iohn, although I be, I am true vnto the State, &  
*Glo.* What, shal I haue no seruant of my owne ? (so is he.

*Hen.* No, but the housholde seruants of the Fleet.

*Glo.* I thanke you kinsman King, your father knowes,  
Gloster may boldelie give a base flauie blowes.

*Fau.* O but not heere, it was not well done heere.

*Kin.* Farewell good Gloster, you shall heare from vs.

*Glo.* Euen what your Sonnes will suffer you to send ;

Ift not a miserie to see you stand,  
That some time was, the Monarch of this land,  
Intreating traytors for a subiects freedome ?

430

*Lei.* Let him not speake, away with him to prison.

*Glo.* Heer's like to be a well stayd common wealth,  
Where in proude Leister, and licentious Iohn,  
Are pillers for the King to leane vpon.

*Jo.* Wee'll heare your rayling Lecture in the Fleet.

*Hen.* On our displeasure see he speake no more.

*Glo.* On thy displeasure, well yee haue me heere ;  
O that I were within my Fort of Bungye  
Whose walles are walst with the cleare streames of Aueney 440  
Then would not Gloster passe a halfe-penny,  
For all these rebels, and their poore King too.  
Laughst thou King Henry ? thou knows my words are true,  
God help thee good olde man, adew adew.

*Jo.* That

called Looke about you.

*Io.* That Castle shal be mine, where stands it Faukenbridge

*Fau.* Far from your reach sure, vnder Feckhill ridge.

Five hundred men (England hath few such wight)

Keeps it for Glosters vse both day and night :

But you may easilly winne it, wantons words

Quickly can master men, tongues out brawle swords.

450

*Io.* Yee are an Idyot.

*Rich.* I prethee *Io*hn forbeare.

*Job.* What shall olde winter with his frosty iestes,

Crosse flowry pleasure ?

*Fau.* I and nip you too, God mary mother I would tickle  
Were there no more in place but I and you. (you

*Kin.* Seafe these contentions, forward to the Tower,

Release Queene Elinor, and leaue me there

Your prisoner I am sure, if yee had power,

Ther's nothing lets you but the Commons feare:

460

Keep your State Lords, we will by water goe,

Making the fresh Thames, salt with teares of woe.

*Hen.* And wee'll by land through the City ride,

Making the people tremble at our pride. *Exeunt with Trum-*

*Enter Skinke solus* *pets two waies. sc. iii*

*Skin.* Blacke Heath quoth he, and I were King of all Kent,  
I would giue it for a commodity of Apron-strings, to  
Be in my cottage agen. Princes warrants, mary Skinke  
Findes them as sure as an obligation feal'd with butter.

At Kings Bridge I durst not enter a boate, through

470

London the stones were fiery, I haue had a good

Coole way through the fieldes, and in the high way

To Ratcliffe stands a heater : Mile-end's couered with

Who goes there. Tis for me sure; O Kent, O Kent,

I would giue my part of all Christendome to feele

Thee as I see thee. If I goe forward I am stayed,

If I goe backward, ther's a roge in a red cap, he's run

From S. Iohnes after me : I were best stay heere,

Leaft if he come with hue and cry, he stop me yonder,

I would flip the collar for feare of the halter ;

480

But heere comes my runner, and if he run for me,

His race dyes, he is as sure dead, as if a Parlament

Of

A pleasant Commodity  
Of Deuils had decreed it.

*Enter Redcap.*

*Red.* Ste Ste Stepney chi church yonder, but I haue forgot  
The La La Lady Fau Fau Fau plague on her,  
I mu must b backe to the Fle Fle Fleete to kn kn know it.  
The la the la la Lady Fau, plague on't; G Gloster  
Will go ne neere to st stab me, fo for forgetting  
My errand, he is such a ma ma mad Lord, the  
La Lady Fau Fau Fau. 490

*Skin.* Help me deuise, vpon my life this foole is sent  
From Gloster to his sister *Marian*.

*Redc.* I m must nee needs goe backe, the La Lady  
Fau Fau Fau.

*Skin.* God speed good fellow.

*Red.* Go go god fp fp speed you fir.

*Skin.* Why run'ft thou from me?

*Red.* Ma mary fir, I haue lo lost a La Ladyes name, and I am  
running ba backe to se se seeke it. 500

*Skin.* What Lady? I prethee stay.

*Red.* Why the la Lady Fau Fau Fau.

*Skin.* Faukenbridge?

*Red.* I the ff fame, ff farewell, I th th thanke you ha hartily

*Skin.* If thou wouldest speake with her she is in Kent,  
I serue her, what's thy busines with my Lady?

*Red.* I sh sh should doe an errand to her ff from my Lord  
Of Gloster, but a a and she be in k Kent, Ile f send it by you.

*Skin.* Where is my Lord?

*Red.* Mary p p prisoner in the Fl Fleete, a a and w would  
haue her speake to P Prince R Richard for his re re re-  
leafe. 510

*Skin.* I haue much busines, hold ther's thy fare by water, my  
Lady lyes this night.

*Red.* Wh wh where I pray?

*Skin.* At Grauefend at the Angell.

*Red.* Tis deuillish co co colde going by water.

*Skin.* Why there's my cloake and hat to keep thee warme,  
Thy cap and Ierkin will serue me to ride in  
By the way, thou haft winde and ty de, take Oares. 520

My

called Looke about you.

My Lady will reward thee royally.

*Red G* God a mercy, f fa faith and euer th thou co co come to the Fl Fl Fleete, Ile giue the tu tu turning of the ke key f for n no nothing.

*Skin.* Hye thee, to morrow morning at Graef-end Ile wash thy stammering throate with a mug of ale merrily.

*Red.* God be w with you till f foo foone; what call you the Lady? O now I re remember the La Lady Fa Faukenbridge at what f signe?

*Skin.* At the Angell.

*Red.* A Angell, the la la Lady fa fa Fau kenbridge, Fa Fau Faukenbridge.

*Skin.* Farewell and bee hang'd good stammering ninny, I thinke I haue set your Redcaps heeles a running, wold your Pyanet chattering humour could as fa safely se set mee fr from the searchers walkes. Yonder comes some one, hem: Skink to your trickes this tytty tytty, a the tongue I beleue will faile mee.

*Enter Constable and Watch.*

*Con.* Come make vp to this fellow, let th' other go, he seems 540 a gentleman, what are you fir?

*Skin.* Would I had kept my owne fute, if the countenaunce carry it away.

*Con.* Stand firra, what are you?

*Skin.* The po po Porters Sonne of the F Fl Fleete, going to Stepney about businesse to the La La Lady Fa Fa Faukenbridge.

*Con.* Well bring him thether, some two or three of yee honest neyghbors, and so backe to the Fleete, we'll shew our felues dilligent aboue other Officers.

*Skin.* Wh wh why le le let me run I am Re Redcap.

*Con.* Well, sure you shall now run no faster then I lead you, heare yee neighbor Simmes, I leaue my staffe with yee, bee vigilant I pray you, search the fuspitious houses at the townes end, this Skink's a trouencer; come, will you be gone fir?

*Skin.* Yes fir, and the deuill goe with you and them, Well, yet haue hope mad ha hart, co co come your way.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter*

A pleasant Commodity,  
*Enters Robin hood and Blocke.*

Sc. iv

*Blo.* Sweet nobilitie in reuersion, Blocke by the commission  
of his head, Coniures you and withall bindes you, by all the 561  
tricks that pages passe in time of Parliament, as f swearing to  
the pantable, crowning with Custards, paper whiffes to the  
sleepers noses, cutting of tagges, stealing of torches, *cum multis aliis* tell Blocke, what Blocke you haue cast in the way of  
my Ladies content.

*Ro.* Block by the antiquity of your ancestrie, I haue giuen  
your Lady not so much as the least cause of dislike, if she be  
despleased at any newes I bring, it's more then I must blab.

*Blo.* Zounds these pages be so proude, they care not for an 570  
olde Seruingman, you are a ward and so, an Earle, and no  
more: you disquiet our house that's the most: and I may be  
euen with thee that's the least.

*Enter the Ladie Faukenbridge.*

*La.* What Blocke, what Blocke I say what doe you there?

*Blo.* Making the young Lord merry Maddame,

*La.* Go attend þ gate, see if you can let in more greife therat,

*Blo.* Zounds and greife come in there, and I see him once Ile  
Coniure his gaberdine.

*La.* will you be gone fir?

*Blo.* Hem, these women, these women, and she bee not in  
loue eyther with Prince Richard or this lad, let blocks head  
be made a chopping blocke. *Exit Blocke.*

*Rob.* Faire Madam, what repleye you to my fute,  
The prince excepts smiles, welcomes, louing lookes,

*La.* The Prince, if he give heed to Marrians fute,  
Must heare heart-sigh's, see sorrow in my eyes,  
And finde cold welcome to calamities,

*Rob.* And why for gods sake? *La.* Euen for Glosters sake,

*Rob.* why by mine honnor, and Prince Richards faith, 590  
Your brother Gloster shall haue liberty,  
Vpon condition you releafe a prisoner  
That you haue longe held in captiuitye.

*La.* I haue no prisoner,

*Ro.* Yes a world of eies, your beuty in a willing bondage ties

*La.* Go to, you are dispof'd to iest my Lord,

*Rob.* In

called Looke about you.

*Rob.* In earnest I must be an earnest futer  
To you for loue, yet you must be my tuter.

*La.* Are you in loue? *Rob.* I dearely loue Prince Richard.

*La.* Then doe you loue the louelieſt man aliue. 600  
The Princelieſt person of King Henries sonnes,

*Rob.* I like this well.

*La.* he is vertuous in his minde. his body faire,  
His deeds are Iuft, his speaches debonaire,

*Rob.* Better and better ſtill.

*La.* In deed he is what no body can denye.  
All louely, beautie all, all Maiestie.

*Rob.* Ile tell his excelence what you reporte,  
No doubt he will be very thankfull, for't,

*La.* Nay heare you young Lord? Gods pitty ſtayne. 610

*Rob.* What haue you more in Richards praife to ſay?

*La.* I haue ſaid to much if you miſconſteſter me.  
Dutie bids praife him, not vnchaſtitie.

*Rob.* Vnchaſtitie holy heauens forfend it,  
That he or I, or you ſhould once intend it,

*Enter Blanke and Richard.*

*Bl.* They are there ſir, cloſe at it, I leauē you ſir, the more  
Roome the leſſe company.

*Ric.* Drinke that, farwell,  
*Bl.* If that ſir Richard comes, this ties, this bindes, 620  
O golde, thy power conuerteth ſeruants mindes. *Exit.*

*Rich.* How now faire Maddam who hath angred you?

*La.* Greife at my brothers duraunce angers me. (you

*Rich.* I had thought my Ward young Huntington had vext

*La.* who he? alas good Gentleman he wrong'd me not.  
No matter for all this, Ile tell your tale.

*A noyſe within, Enter Skinke, Blanke, Conſtable.*

*Bl.* Sir there comes no more of you in with him then the  
Conſtable. Zounds heares a beadroll of Billes at the gate in-  
deed, back ye bafe 630

*La.* Now firra whats the matter?

*Bl.* Marry heares a ſtammerer taken clipping the Kings  
English, and the Conſtable and his watch hath brought  
him to you to be examin'd.

## A pleasent Commodity

*Conſta.* No Madam wee are commaunded by the King to watch, and meeting this fellow at Mile-end, he tels vs, he is the Portersfonne of the Fleete, that the Earle of Gloſter ſent him to you.

*Skin.* I f f forſooth h he desire you to ſpeakē to the p Prince for him.

640

*La.* O I conceaue thee, bid him blithly fare, Beare him this Ring in token of my care.

*Skin.* If I be rid of this euill Angell that haunts mee, many rings, much Fleete will Skinke come vnto.

*Con.* Madam, if you know this fellow we'll diſcharge him.

*Bloc.* Madam, and you be wife, trust your honest neigbors heere, let them bring this ca ca ca ca to the Fleete, and ſee your ring deliuereſ.

*Skin.* A plague vpon you for a damned roge, The Porter of the Fleete will ſurely know me.

650

*La.* Good neigbours bring this honest fellow thether, Ther's for his paines a crowne, if he ſay true, And for your labour ther's as much for you.

*Skin.* Why Ma Ma Madam, I am Re Re Redcap the Portersfonne.

*La.* Thou haſt no wrong in this, farewell good fellow.

*Skin.* Beſt ſpeaking to Prince Richard? no Ile try And face out Redcap if the flauſe were by.

*La.* Make them drinke Blocke.

*Blo.* Come to the Butterie bar, ſtitty ſtitty ſtammerer, come 660 honest Conſtable, hey the watch of our towne, we'll drinke tryll I faith.

*As they goe out, enters Sir Richard Faukenbridge ſtealing forward, Prince and Lady talking.*

*Rob.* *Lupus in fabula* my Noble Lord, See the olde foxe Sir Richard Faukenbridge.

*Rich.* We'll fit him well enough, ſecond vs Robin.

*La.* Ile fit you well enough for all your hope, *Fau. beckens*

*Fau.* Leauē quaffing firra, listen to their talke. *to Blocke.*

*Bloc.* O while you liue beware, two are ſooner ſeene then 670 one: beſides, beare a braine Maſter, if Blocke ſhould be now ſpide, my Madam would not truſt this ſconce neither in time

called Looke about you.

time nor tyde.

*Fau.* Well leue me, now it buds; see see, they kiffe.

*Bloc.* Adew good olde finner, you may recouer it with a  
fallet of parfly, and the hearbe patience, if not fir you knowe  
the worst, it's but euen this.

*Rich.* Madam, what you desire I not deny,  
But promise Glosters life and liberty,  
I beg but loue.

680

*Fau.* When doth she giue her almes?

*La.* Faire honourable Prince.

*Fau.* Nay then they speed.

*La.* My soule hath your deserts in good esteeme.

*Fau.* Witnesse these goodly times that grace my head.

*La.* But were you the sole Monarch of the earth,  
Your power were insufficient to inuade,  
My neuer yeelding heart of chafttity.

*Fauk.* Sayst thou so Mall, I promise thee for this,  
Ile owe thy cherry lips an olde mans kiffe; 690  
Looke how my Cockerill droopes, tis no matter,  
I like it best when women will not flatter.

*Rich.* Nay but sweet Lady.

*Rob.* Nay but gracious Lord, doe not so much forget your  
Princely worth,  
As to attempt vertue to vnchafttity.

*Fau.* O noble youth!

*Rob.* Let not the Ladyes dead grieve for her brother,  
Giue life to shameleffe and detested finne.

*Fau.* Sweet childe.

700

*Ro.* Confider that she is of high decent.

*Fau.* Moft vertuous Earle.

*Rob.* Wife to the nobleft Knight that euer breath'd.

*Fau.* Now blessing on thee blessed Huntington.

*Rob.* And would you then firft ftaine your Princely stocke,  
Wrong beauty, vertue, honor, chafttitye,

And blemmish Faukenbridges vntaynted armes?

*Fau.* By adding hornes vnto our Falcones head,  
Well thought on noble youth, twas well put in.

*La.* Besides my gratiouſe Lord.

710

*Fau.* Tickle

## A pleasant Commodity

*Fa.* Tickle him Mall, plague him on that fide for his hot

*La.* how euer secretly great Princes fin, desire.

*Fau.* Oh now the spring she'll doe it fercrately.

*La.* The King of all harts will haue all fyns knowne.

*Fa.* Ah then she yeilds not.

*Ric.* Lady heer's my hand, I did but try your honorable faith

*Fau.* He did but trie her, would she haue bin tride

It had grone hard on this and on this fide.

*Rich.* And since I see your vertue so confirm'd,  
as vice can haue no entraunce in your heart,

720

I vow in ficht of heauen neuer againe,

To mooue like question but for loue,

*Fau.* My hart is eased, holde Blocke take vp mycloake.

*Blo.* And your cap to fir.

*Ric.* Sir Richard?

*Fau.* What sweet Prince welcome yfaith,

I see youth quickly get's the starte of age;

But welcome welcome and young Huntington.

Sweet Robyn hude, honors best flowring bloome,

Welcome to Faukenbridge with all my hearte,

730

How cheares my loue, how fares my Marrian, ha?

Be merry chucke, and Prince Richard welcome,

Let it goe Mall I knowe thy greuances.

Away away, tut let it passe sweet girle,

Wee needs must haue his helpe about the Earle.

*La.* Let it not be delayd deere Faukenbridge.

*Rich.* Sir Richard, first make fute vnto my father,  
Ile follow you to Courte and fecond you,

*Fau.* Follow to Court, ha? then I smell a rat,

Its probable he'll haue about agayne,

740

Long seige makes entraunce to the strongest fort,

It must not be I must not leaue him heere,

Prince Richard, if you loue my brothers good,

Lets ride back to the Courte, Ile wayte on you,

*Rich.* He's Ielious, but I must obserue the tyme,  
We'll ride vnto the Court, Ile leaue my boy  
Till we returne, are you agreed to this?

*Fau.* Oh I

called Looke about you.

*Fau.* Oh I hee is an honourable youth.

Vertuuos and modeſt, Huntingtons right heyre.  
His father Gilbert was the ſmoothiſt fac't Lord  
That ere bare Armes in England or in Fraunce,

750

*Rich.* Solicitie Robin, Lady giue good eare,  
And of your brothers freedome neuer feare,

*Fau.* Marrian farwell, wheres Blocke ? open the gate,  
Come Prince God ſend vs to proue fortunate ? *Exeunt.*

*La.* why doe you stay fir ?

*Rob.* Madam as a Lidger to folicite for your abſent loue

*La.* Walk in the Garden I will follow you.

Ifaith Ifaith you are a noble wagge.

*Rob.* An honorable wag, and wagiſh Earle.  
Euen what you will ſweet Lady I muſt beare,  
Hoping of patiencie, profit will ensue.

760

That you will beare the Prince as I beare you.

*La.* Well ſaid well ſaid, Ile haue theſe toyes amended,  
Goe, will you walke into the Garden fir,

*Rob.* But will you promife me to bring no maides,  
To ſet vpon my litle manſhip there ?

You threatned whipping, and I am in feare,

*La.* Vpon my word Ile bring none but my ſelfe,

*Rob.* You ſee I am weapned, doe not I beſeech you,  
Ile ſtab them come there twenty ere they breech mee. *Exit.* 770

*La.* This youth and Richard, think me eaſily wonne,

But Marrian rather will embrace,  
The bony carcaſſe of diſmaying death,  
Than proue vnchaſt to Noble Faukenbridge.

Richard's king Henries ſonne, is light,  
Wanton and loues not humble modeſtie,  
Which makes me (much contrary to my thoughts)

Flatter his humor for my brothers ſafetye,

But I protest Ile dwel among the dead,

Ere I pollute my ſacred nuptiall bed.

780

*Exit.*

*Sc. v*

*Enter Gloſter in his gowne, calling*

*Glo.* Porter what Porter wher's this drowſie affe ?

*Enter Porter,*

*Por.* Who calleſ ? my Lord of Gloſter all alone ?

*Glo.* Alone

A pleasent Commodity,

*Glo.* Alone and haue your wifdomes companie,  
Pray wher's the stammering chatterer your sonne ?  
He's euer running but he makes small hafte,  
Ile bring his lyther legges in better frame,  
And if he serue me thus a nother time. *Knocke within.* 790  
Harke sir your clients knocke, and't be your pye,  
Let him vouchsafe to chatter vs some newes,  
Tell him we daunce attendance in our chamber. *Exit porter.*  
This Iohn and Henry are so full of hate,  
That they will haue my head by some deuice,  
Gloster hath plotted meanes for an escape,  
And if it fadge, why so ; if not, then well,  
The way to heauen is death, this life's a hell.

*Enter Porter and Skink.*

*Port.* Why should the Watchmen come along with thee ? 800

*Skin.* Ther's such a que question for yon f fame r rogue  
Skink p plague keepe farre enough from him, that a an ho-  
nest f fellow ca cannot w w walke the streeetes.

*Port.* Well sir dispatch your busines with the Earle,  
He's angry at your stay I tell ye that. *Exit.*

*Skin.* Sbloud what a frowne this Gloster castes at me,  
I hope he meanes to lend me no more cusses,  
Such as he paide me at the Parliament.

*Glo.* What mutter you, what tydings from my sister ?

*Ski.* Co commendations and f she hath f sent ye this r ring. 810

*Glo.* Hold ther's two Angels, shut the chamber doore,  
You must about some busines for me strayght ;  
Come nearer man,

*Skin.* I feare I am to neare,

*Glo.* Haft thou no tydings for my liberty ?

*Skin.* No b but ye sh shall he heare f from her p p presently.

*Glo.* And p presently fir off with your coate.

Nay quicke, vncase, I am bold to borrow it,  
Ile leaue my gowne, change is no robbery.

Stutterer it's fo, neare flinch, ye cannot passe,  
Cry, and by heauen Ile cut thy cowards throate,  
Quickly cashyre your selfe, you see me staye,

*Skin.* N n nay, b b but wh wh what m meane ye ?

820

*Glo.* To

called Looke about you.

*Glo.* To scape I hope, sir with your priuiledge,  
How now, who's this, my fine familliar Skinke?  
Queene Beldams minnion,

*Skin.* Zounds you see ti's I.

*Glo.* Tyme fortes not now to know these misteries.  
How thou camſt by this ring, or ſtol'ſt this coate,  
They are mine now in poſteſſion, for which kindenes  
If I escape Ile get thee Libertie,  
Or fire the fleete about the Wardens eares,  
Mum budgit not a word as thou loueſt thy life,

830

*Skin.* I mum mum faire, pray God may chaunce it,  
My Lord, but that my ſtate is desperate,  
Ide ſee your eyes out eare I would be cheated.

*Glo.* Walke like an Earle villaine ſome are comming.

*Enter John and Porter.*

*Io.* Where is this Gloſter?

*Glo.* Y y yonder he walks. Fa fa father, l let me out.

840

*Port.* Why whether muſt you now?

*Glo.* To Ie Iericho I th thinke, tis ſuſh a h h humorous Earle.

*Port.* Well fir wilt pleafe you haſten home againe.

*Glo.* I Ile be h heare in a trice; b but p praye haue ca care of  
th this madcap, if he g giue vs the f f ſlip, f f ſome of vs a are  
like to m make a fl fl flypperie occupation on't.

*This while John walkes and ſtalkes by Skinke, neuer a word  
betwene them.*

*Port.* Looke to your buſines fir let me alone.

*Glo.* Alone? neuer truſt me if I trouble thee.

850

*Io.* Mad Gloſter mute, all mirth turn'd to diſpaire?

Why now you ſee what tis to croffe a King,  
Deale againſt Princes of the Royall blood,  
Youle ſnarle and rayle, but now your young is bedry'd,  
Come caper hay, ſet all at fix and ſeauen,  
What muſteſt thou with thought of hell or heauen?

*Skin.* Of neither John I muſe at my diſgrace,  
That I am thus kept prisoner in this place.

*Io.* O fir, a number are here prisoners,  
My Couſen Moorton whome I came to viſite,  
But he good man is at his morrow maſſe.

860

D

But I

A pleafant Commodity,

But I that neither care to fay nor finge,  
Come to feeke that preaching hate and prayer,  
And while they mumble vp their Orifons,  
We'll play a game at bowles, what faift thou Gloster?

*Skin.* I care not if I doe, (our sportes,

*Job.* You doe not care, Let olde men care for graues, we for  
Off with your gowne, there lies my hatt and Cloake,  
The bowles there quickly, hoe?

*Skin.* No my gowne stirres not, it keeps sorrowe warme, 870  
And she, and I am not to be deuorced,

*Enter Porter with bowles.*

*Jo.* Yes ther's an axe must part your head and you,  
And with your head, sorrowe will leaue your heart.  
But come shall I begin? a pound a game,

*Skin.* More pounds and we thus heauy? well begin.

*Job.* Rub rub rub rub.

*Skin.* Amen God send it short enough, and mee  
A safe running with them clothes from thee.

*Job.* Play Robin, run run run.

*Skin.* Far enough and well, fleye one foote more,  
Would I were halfe so far without the doore.

880

*Enter Porter.*

*Job.* Now Porter whats the newes?

*Por.* Your Cooffen Moorton humbly craues,  
Leauing your game, you would come visit him,

*Io.* Bowle Gloster Ile come presently.  
So neere mad Robin? then haue after you,

*Skin.* Would I were gone, make after as you may,

*Io.* Well fir tis yours, one all, throw but the Iacke 890  
While I goe talke with Moorton: Ile not stay,  
Keepe Cloake and hat in pawne Ile hould out play,

*Skin.* I would be fory Iohn but you shoule fstay,  
Vntill my bias run another way,  
Now paffe, and hey paffe, Skink vnto your tricks,  
Tis but a chaunce at hazard: there lyes Gloster,  
and heare stands Skinke, now Iohn play thou thy part,  
And if I scape Ile loue thee with my heart.  
So porter let me foorth.

*Enter Porter.*

900

*Por.* God

called Looke about you.

*Po.* God bleffe your grace, ye spoke with the L. Moorton.

*Skin.* I haue and muſt about his busines to the Courte.

It greeues me to break my ſportē with Gloſter,  
The melancholy Earle is comfortleſſe,

*Po.* I wold your grace would comfort him from hence,  
The Fleet is weary of his company, *Redcap knocks.*

*Skin.* Drink that, ſome knockes, I prethee let me out.  
His head ſhall off ere long, neuer make doubt. *Exeunt.*

*Enter John at the other doore.*

*Jo.* Now madcap thou winſt all, wher art thou Robyn? *910*  
Vncased: nay then he meanes to play in earnest.  
But whers my Cloake, my rapier, and my hatt?  
I holde my birth-right to a beggers ſcrip,  
The bafteſterd is eſcapēd in my cloathes.  
Tis well, he left me his to walke the ſtreets,  
Ile fire the Citty but Ile finde him out,  
Perchaunce he hides himſelfe to try my ſpleene,  
Ile to his chamber, Gloſter? hallo Gloſter? *Exit.*

*Enter Porter and Redcap.*

*Por.* I wonder how thou camſt ſo ſtrangly chang'd? *920*  
Tis not an hower ſince thou wents from hence,

*Red.* By my Ch Ch Christendome I ha haue not b b been h  
heere this three nights, a p p plague of him, that made me ſuch  
a ch chaunting, and ſent me ſuch a Ia Ia Iaunt, blud I was ſt  
ſtayd for Skinke, that ill fa fa fac'd rogue,

*Port.* I pray God there be no practife in this change.  
Now I remember theſe are Skinke's cloathes,  
That he wore laſt day, at the Parlament,

*Knocke, Enter at another doore, John in Gloſters gowne.*

*Jo.* Porter? you Porter? *930*

*Por.* Doe you not heare them knock, you muſt ſtay ſir,

*Jo.* Bloud I could eate theſe rogues.

*Red.* Wh wh what raw, tis a very harsh mo morſell,  
Ne next your he heart

*Jo.* A plague vpon your Iaunts, what porter flauſe?

*Red.* I haue been at g graueſend ſir.

*Jo.* What's that to me?

*Red.* And at Ca Ca Canterbury.

A pleasant Commodity,

*Io.* And at the gallows: zounds this frets my soule.

*Red.* But I c could not f finde your f f sister the La Lady Fau 940  
Faukenbridge.

*Io.* You itammering flauue hence, chat among your Dawes,  
Come ye to mad me? while the rogue your father.

*Enter Porter.*

*Red.* My f fa father.

*Io.* Porter? you damned flauue.

*Port.* Ifst Midsomer doe you begin to raue?

*Io.* Harke how the traytor flouts me to my teeth.  
I would intreat your knaueship let me forth,  
For feare I dash your branes out with the keyes,  
What is become of Gloster and my garments? 950

*Por.* Alas in your apparrell Glosters gone,  
I let him out, euen now I am vndone,

*Io.* It was your practife, and to keepe me backe  
You sent Iacke Daw your sonne with ca ca ca,  
To tell a fleueles tale: lay hould on him,  
To Newgate with him and you tut atut,  
Run redcap and trudge about,

Or bid your fathers portership farewell. *Exeunt with Porter.*

*Red.* He heares a go good Ie Ie Iest by the L Lord to mo 960  
mocke an ape with all: my fa fa father has brought his ho ho  
hoges to a fa fa faire m m market. Po po porter quoth you?  
p po porter that will for me, and I po po porter it, let them  
po po poft me to heauen in this qua quarter. But I must  
f f fecke this Gl Gl Gloster and Sk Sk Skinke that co cony  
catching ra ra rascall, a pa pa plague co co confound him, Re  
re redcap must ru run he cannot tell whe whether. *Exit*

*Sound Trumpets, Enter Henry the younger, on one hand of him Sc. vi  
Queene Elinor, on the other Leycester.*

*Hen.* Mother and Leycester adde not oyle to fire. 970  
Wrath's kindled with a word, and cannot heare  
The number leffe perswafions you infort,

*Quee.* O but my sonne thy father fauours him.  
Richard that vile abortiue changling brat,  
And Faukenbridge, are fallen at Henries feete.

They

called Looke about you.

They wooe for him, but intreat my sonne

Gloster may dye for this that he hath done,

*Leic.* If Gloster liue thou wilt be ouerthrowne,

*Quee.* If Gloster liue thy mother dies in moane,

*Ley.* If Gloster liue Leyster will flie the realme,

980

*Quee.* If Gloster liue thy kingdome's but a dreame,

*Hen.* Haue I not sworne by that eternall arme

That puts iust vengance fword in Monarcks hands,

Gloster shall die for his presumption ?

What needs more coniuration gratiouse Mother ?

And honorable Leyster marke my words.

I haue a Bedrole of some threescore Lords,

Of Glosters faction,

*Quee.* Nay of Henries faction.

Of thy false fathers faction, speake the truth,

990

He is the head of factious ; were he downe :

Peace, plenty, glory will impale thy crowne.

*Ley.* I ther's the But ; whose hart-white if we hit,

The game is our's. Well we may rage and roue,

At Gloster, Lancaster, Chester, Faukenbridge,

But he is the vpshot.

*Quee* Yet begin with Gloster.

*Hen.* The destenies run to the booke of Fates,

And read in neuer-changing Characters

Robert of Glosters end, he dies to day,

1000

So fate, so heauen, so doth King Henry say.

*Quee.* Emperially resoul'd.

*Trumpets far off,*

*Leic.* The olde King comes,

*Quee.* Then comes Luxurious lust,

The King of Concubines, the King that scornes

The vndefiled, chaste and numptiall bed,

The King that hath his Queene Imprisoned.

For my sake scorne him, sonne call him not father,

Giue him the stile of a competitor,

*Hen.* Pride feaze vpon my heart, wrath fill myne eyes, 1010

Sit lawfull maiestie vpon my front

Dutie flie from me, pitty bee exild,

Sences forget that I am Henries child,

## A pleasent Commodity

*Quee* I kiffe thee, and I bleffe thee, for this thought.

*Enter King, Lancaster, Richard, Faukenbridge.*

*Kin.* O Lancaster bid Henry yeeld some reason

Why he desires so much the death of Gloster,

*Hen.* I heare thee Henry, and I thus reply.

I doe desire the death of Basterd Gloster,

For that he spends the Treasure of the Crowne.

I doe desire the death of basterd Gloster,

For that he doth desire to pull me downe.

Or were this false (I purpose to be plaine)

He loues thee, and for that I him disdaine.

*Hen.* Therin thou shewest a hate-corrupted mynde,  
To him the more vniust, to me vnykynd,

*Quee* He loues you as his father lou'd his mother.

*Kin.* Fie, fie vpon thee hatefull Elinor.

I thought thou hadft been long fince scarlet dyde,

*Hen.* She is and therfore cannot change her colour.

*Rich.* You are to strickt, Earle Glosters fault

Merrits not death,

*Fau.* By th'rood the Prince faies true.

Heere is a statute from the Confessor,

*Hen.* The Confessor was but a simple foole.

Away with bookees my word shall be a lawe,

England her breath shall from this bosome drawe,

Gloster shall die,

*Ley.* Let Gloster dye the death. (him and thee.

*Lan.* Leyster he shall not, he shall haue lawe, dispight of 1040

*Hen.* What law, will you be Traitors? whats the lawe?

*Ric.* His right handes losse, and that is such a losse,

As England may lament, all Christians weepe.

That hand hath bin aduanst against the Moores,

Driuen out the Sarasins from Gads and Cicile,

Fought fifteene Battels vnder Chrifts red croffe,

And is it not (thinke you) a greeuious losse,

That for a flauue (and for no other harme)

It should be fundred from his Princely Arme?

*Fau.* More for example Noble Lancaster, but tis great pitty, 1050  
To to great a pittie.

*Hen.* Ile

1020

1030

called Looke about you.

*He.* Ile haue his hand & head. *Ri.* Thou shalt haue mine theſe.

*Que.* Wel ſayd ſtubberne Dicke, Iack wold not ferue me fo,  
Were the boy heere:

*Ric.* Both Iohn and I haue feru'd your will too long;  
Mother repente your cruelty and wrong:  
Gloſter you know is ful of mirth and glee,  
And neuer elſe did your grace iniury.

*Qu.* Gloſter ſhal dye. *He.* Fetch him heere Ile ſee him dead.

*Ric.* He that ſturs for him ſhall lay downe his head.

1060

*Fau.* O quiet good my Lords, patiencē I pray,  
I thinke he comes vnfent for by my fay.

*Enter Iohn in Gloſters gowne.*

*Ric.* What meanſt thou Gloſter? *He.* Who brought Gloſter

*Io.* Let Gloſter hang and them that (hyther?

There lyes his caſe, a miſchiefe on his carkaffe.

*Qu.* My deare ſonne Iacke? (your affe, your gull.

*Io.* Your deere ſon Iack an apes, your mokey, your babone,

*Ley.* What ayles Earle Iohn? *Io.* Hence further frō my fight,  
My fiery thoughts and wrath haue worke in hand;

1070

Ile curſe ye blacker then the Leuarnian Lake,

If you stand wondring at my ſorrow thus;

I am with childe, big, hugely ſwolne with rage;

Who'll play the Midwife, and my throbs aſwage?

*Kin.* I will my Sonne. *Hen.* I will high harted brother.

*Io.* You will, and you, tut, tut all you are nothing,  
Twill out, twill out, my ſelfe my ſelfe can eafe:

You chafe, you ſwell, ye are commaunding King,

My father is your foote ſtoole when he pleafe,

Your word's a law, theſe Lordes dare neuer ſpeake,

1080

Gloſter muſt dye, your enemies muſt fall.

*Hen.* What meanes our brother?

*Ioh.* He meanes that thou art mad ſhe franticke, Leyſter  
I the babe, theſe grinde vs, bite vs, vexe vs, charge, (foolish  
And diſcharge, Gloſter, O Gloſter!

*Que.* Where is Gloſter ſonne? *Hen.* Where is Glo. brother?

*Kin.* I hope he be escaped.

*Io.* O I could teare my hayre, & falling thus vp the  
Solide earth, dig into Gloſters graue, fo he were dead  
And gone into the depth of vnder worlds.

Or 1090

## A pleasent Commodity

Or get seditious hundredth thousand hands,  
And like Briareus, battle with the Starres,  
To pull him downe from heauen if he were there,

*Fau.* Looke to Earle Iohn the Gentleman is mad.

*Io.* O who would not be mad at this disgrace?

Gloster the fox is fled, there lies his case,  
He coufned me of myne, the porter helpt him,

*Hen.* The porter shall be hangd let's part and seeke him,  
Gloster shall dye all Europe shall not faue him.

*Io.* He is wife, too wife for vs, yet Ile goe with you,  
To get more fooles into my company.

1100

*Quee.* This is your fathers plot, reuenge it sonne.

*Hen.* Father by heauen if this were your aduice,  
Your head or heart shall pay the bitter price,  
Come mother, Brother, Leyster, lets away,

*Io.* I, Ile be one, in hope to meete the basterd,  
And then no more my selfe will be his headfman. *Exeunt.*

*Kin.* Richard and Faukenbridge follow the search,  
You may preuent mischaunce by meeting Gloster,  
If ye finde Skinke see that you apprehend him,  
I heare there is a wizard at blacke heath,  
Let some enquire of him where Skinke remaynes,  
Although I trust not to those fallacies,  
Yet now and then such men prooue Soothsayers.  
Will you be gone?

1110

*Fau.* Withall my heart, withall my heart my Lord,  
Come Princly Richard, we are ever yoak'd.  
Pray God there be no miftery in this,

*Rich.* Be not suspitious where there is no cause,

*Fau.* Nay nothing, nothing, I am but in iest.

*Exeunt.* 1120

*Kin.* Call in a Pnrfuant.

*Lan.* Heares one my Leidge,

*Kin.* There is a Porter likely to be hangd,  
For letting Gloster scape, firra attend,  
You shall haue a repreiue to bring him vs,  
These boys are to to stubborne Lancaster,  
But tis theyr mothers fault, if thus she moue me,  
Ile haue her head though all the world reproue me. *Exeunt.*

*Enter*

called Looke about you.

*Enter Robin Hood and Lady Faukenbridge.*

Sc. vii

*La.* Doe not deny me gentle Huntington.

*Rob.* My Lord will misse me.

1131

*La.* Tut let me excuse thee.

*Rob.* Turne woman, O it is intollerable!

Except you promise me to play the Page:

Doe that, try one night, and you'l laugh for euer,

To heare the Orizons that Louers vfe;

Their ceremonious fighes, their idle oathes,

To heare how you are praif'd and pray'd vnto,

For you are Richards Saint, they talke of Mary

The blessed Virgin, but vpon his beades

He onely prayes to Marian Faukenbridge.

1140

*La.* The more his error, but will you agree

To be the Lady Faukenbridge one day?

*Rob.* When ist?

*La.* On Munday.

*Rob.* Wherfore ist?

*La.* Nay then you doe me wrong with inquisition.

And yet I care not greatly if I tell thee.

Thou seest my husband full of iealousie;

Prince Richard in his fute importunate,

1150

My brother Gloster threatned by young Henry;

To cleare these doubtes, I will in some disguise,

Goe to blacke Heath vnto the holy Hermit,

Whose wisedome in fore-telling things to come,

Will let me see the issye of my cares.

If destinyes ordaine me happines,

Ile chase these mistes of sorrow from my heart,

With the bright Sunne of mirth: if fate agree,

It, and my frends, must suffer misery,

Yet Ile be merry too, till mischeefe come.

1160

only I long to knowe the worst of ill.

*Rob.* Ile once put on a scarlet countenaunce.

*La.* Be wary least ye be discouered Robyn.

*Rob.* Best paint me then, be sure I shall not blush.

*Enter Block bleeding, Gloster with him.*

*Blc.* Beate an Officer, Redcap Ile haue ye talkt withall,

E

Beate

A pleasant Commodity

Beate Sir Richards Porter? help Madam, help,

*Glo.* Peace you damned rogue.

*La.* Brother I pray you forbear.

*Glo.* Zwonds a hundredth at my heales almost,  
And yet the villaine stands on complaiment.

1170

*Blo.* A bots one you, ist you?

*Glo.* Will you to the doore you foole? and bar the gate,  
Holde ther's an angell for your broaken pate;  
If any knocke let them not in in haste.

*Blo.* Well Ile doe as I see cause, blood thou art deare to  
me, but heere's a soueraigne plaister for the fore: golde hea-  
leth wounds, golde eafeth heartes: what can a man haue  
more?

*Exit.*

*La.* Deare brother, tell vs how you made escape?

1180

*Glo.* You see I am heare, but if you would knowe how:  
I cannot scape and tell the manner too,  
By this I knowe your howse is compassed  
With hel-hound search.

*La.* Brother Ile furnish you with beard & hayre, and  
Garments like my husband, how like you that? *Exit. Lady*

*Glo.* Well, when I haue them: quickly then dispatch: sblood  
turne gray beard and hayre?

Robyn conceale, this dyeteth my minde,  
Myrth is the obiect of my humorous spleane,  
Thou high commaunding furie! further deuice,  
Iefts are conceated, I long to see their birth,  
What come ye sister? Robyn a theeues hand,  
But prethee where hadst thou this beard and haire?

1190

*La.* Prince Richard wore them hether in a maske,

*Glo.* Saift thou me so, faith loue the Princely youth,  
Tut you must taft stolne pleasure now and than,

*Rob.* But if she steale and Ielious eyes espie:  
She will be sure condemnd of Burglary,

*Glo.* Ha crake? can your low stumps venter so deep  
Into affections streame? go to you wanton.  
What want we now? my nightcap, O tis heare,  
So now no Gloster, but olde Faukenbridge,

1200

Harke

called Looke about you.

Harke, the search knockes, ile let them in my selfe;  
Welcome good fellowe; ha, what ist you lacke?

*Enter Redcap with another.*

*Red.* Ma master Co constable, se se search you th that way,  
a and you ho honest man th that way. Ile ru run th this way  
m my owne se selfe. *They dispearse themselues.*

*Glo.* What search you for? what is it you would haue?

1210

*Enter Blocke.*

*Blo.* Madam, what shall I doe to these browne-bill fel-  
lowes? some runne into the wine seller, some heere, some  
there.

*Glo.* Let them alone, let them search their filles.

*Block.* Ile looke to their fingers for all that.

*Glo.* Doe so good Blocke, be carefull honest Blocke.

*B.* Sir stammerer & your wa watch, y'are pa past ifaith. *Exit*

*Glo.* Will you not speake knaues, tel me who you seeke?

*Red.* Ma mary sir we f seeke a va va vacabond, a fu fugatiue. 1220  
my La Ladies owne b brother; but and hee were the po po  
Popes owne b brother, I would f search f f for him; for I haue  
a p poore father r ready to be ha ha hang'd f f for him.

*Glo.* O tis for Gloster! mary search a gods name,  
Seeke peace, will he breake prisfon too?

It's pitty he should liue, nay I defye him.

Come looke about, search ev ery little corner,

My selfe will lead the way, pray you come,

Seeke, seeke, and spare not, though it be labour lost:

He comes not vnder my roofe, heare ye wife,

1230

He comes not hyther, take it for a warning.

*Red.* You fp fp speake like an honest ge ge Gentleman, re re  
rest you me me mery, co co come my f f friends, I be beleue  
h h he r ran by the g g garden w wall toward the wa water  
fide. *Exeunt running.*

*Glo.* This fellow is of the humour I would chuse my wife,  
Few words and many paces, a word and a way, and so  
Must I: Sister adieu, pray you for me, Ile do the like for you.  
Robin farewell, commend me to the Prince.

*La.* Can ye not stay heere safe?

1240

E 2

*Glo.* No,

### A pleasant Commodity

*Glo.* No, Ile not trust the changing humours of olde Fauken-  
Adieu yong Earle, Sister lets kisfe and part; (bridge,  
Tush, neere mourne, I haue a merry hart. *Exit.*

*La.* Farewell all comfort.

*Ro.* What weeping Lady?

Then I perceiue you haue forgot Blache-heath.

*La.* No, there Ile learne both of his life and death.

*Ro.* Till Munday Madam I must take my leaue.

*La.* You will not misse then:

*Rob.* Nay, if Robin faile yee, let him haue neuer fauour of faire Lady. 1250

*La.* Meane while Ile spend my time in prayers & teares,  
That Gloster may escape these threatened feares. *Exit.*

*Enter Skinke like Prince John.*

Sc. viii

*Skin.* Thus iets my noble Skinke along the streetes,  
To whom each bonnet vailes, and all knees bend;  
And yet my noble humour is too light,  
By the fixe shillings: heere are two crackt groates  
To helter skelter, at some vawting houfe.  
But who comes yonder? ha, olde Faukenbridge?  
Hath a braue chaine, were Iohn and he good friends,  
That chaine were mine, and should vnto Black-heath.  
Ile venture, it's but tryal, lucke may fall.  
Good morrow good fir Richard Faukenbridge.

1260

*Fau.* Good morrow my sweet Prince, harty good morrow,  
This greeting wel becomes vs, marry does it;  
Betteriwis then strife and Iangling.  
Now can I loue ye, wil ye to the Shiriffes?  
Your brother Richard hath beene there this houre.

*Skin.* Yes I am plodding forward as you doe; 1270  
What cost your chaine? it's passing strongly wrought,  
I would my Golde-smith had a patterne of it.

*Fau.* Tis at your graces seruice, shew it him.

*Skin.* Then dare ye trust me?

*Fau.* Who the Princely Iohn?  
My Soueraignes sonne, why what a question's that?  
Ile leaue you, yee may know I dare trust you.

*Skin.* Ile

called Looke about you.

*Ski.* Ile bring't ye to the Shiriffes, excuse my absence.

*Fau.* I wil my noble Lord, adieu sweet Prince. *Exit.*

*Skin.* Why so, this breakfast was wel fed vpon,  
When Skinkes deuises on Blacke-heath doo faile,  
This and such cheates, would set me vnder faile.  
Ile to the water fide, would it were later,  
For stl I am afraide to meeete Prince Iohn.

1280

*Enter Gloster like Faukenbridge.*

But what a mischiefe meant Faukenbridge  
To come againe so foone? that way he went,  
And now comes peaking; vpon my life  
The buzzard hath me in suspition,  
But whatsoeuer chaunce, Ile filch a share.

1290

*Glo.* Yonder's Prince Iohn I hope he cannot know me,  
Ther's naught but Gloster Gloster in their mouthes;  
I am halfe strangled with the Garlickie breath,  
Of rascals that exclaines as I passe by,  
Gloster is fled, once taken he must dye.  
But Ile to Iohn, how does my gratious Lord?  
What tattles rumour now? what newes of Gloster?

*Skin.* What newes could I heare since you left me last?  
Were you not heere euen now? lent me your chaine,  
I thinke you dote. *(pretty accident, 1300*

*Glo.* Sweet Prince, age, age forgets, my brothers chaine? a  
Ile haue't and be but in the spight of Iohn.

*Skin.* Ther's more, and more, Ile geld it eare it go. *He breaks*  
This fame shal keep me in some Tauerne merry, *the chaine.*  
Til nights blacke hand curtaine this to cleare sky.

*Fau.* My sweet Prince, I haue some cause to vse my chaine,  
Another time (when ere your Lordship please)  
Tis at your seruice, ô mary God it is.

*Skin.* Heere palfie, take your chaine, stoop and be hang'd,  
Yet the fish nibled, when she might not swallow;  
Gout I haue curtall'd what I could not borrow. *Exit.* *1310*

*Glo.* He's gone away in frets, would he might meeete  
My brother Faukenbridge in this mad moode,  
There would be rare adoe; Why this fits me,  
My braine flowes with fresh wit and pollicy.

## V pleasant Commodity

But Gloster looke about, who haue we yonder?  
Another Iohn Prince, Richard and the Shiriffe?  
Vpon my life, the flauue that had the chaine,  
Was Skinke, escapt the Fleete by some mad sleight,  
Wel, farewell he, better and better still,  
These seeke for me, yet I wil haue my will.

1320

*Io.* Shiriffe, in any case be diligent.  
Whose yonder, Faukenbridge?

*Glo.* How now sweet chucke, how fares my louely Prince?  
*Io.* What carest thou? or wel, or ill, we craue no help of thee.  
*Glo.* Gods mother doe you scorne me?  
*Io.* Gout, what then?  
*Rich.* Fye, leaue these idle braules, I prethee Iohn  
Lets follow that we are inioyn'd vnto.

*Glo.* I mary Prince, if now you slip the time,  
Gloster wil slip away; tut though he hate me  
I haue done seruice, I haue found him out.

1330

*Ric.* A shame confound thee for thy treachery,  
Inconstant dotard, tymorous olde asse,  
That shakes with cowardise not with yeares.

*Glo.* Goe, I haue found him, I haue winded him.  
*Io.* O let me hug thee gentle Faukenbridge,  
Forgiue my oft ill vsing of thine age,  
Ile call thee Father, ile be penitent,  
Bring me where Gloster is Ile be thy flauue,  
All that is mine, thou in reward shalt haue.

1340

*Glo.* Soft, not too hafty, I would not be feene in't,  
Mary a god my wife would chide me dead,  
If Gloster by my meanes should loose his head.  
Princely Richard at this corner make your stand:  
And for I know you loue my fister well,  
Know I am Gloster and not Faukenbridge.

*Ric.* Heauen prosper thee sweet Prince in thy escape.  
*Glo.* Shiriffe, make this your quarter, make good guard,  
Iohn, stay you heere, this way he meanes to turne,  
By Thomas I lacke a fwoord, body a me.

1350

*Io.* What wouldst thou with a fwoord olde Faukenbridge?  
*Glo.* O fir to make shew in his defence,

For

called Looke about you.

For I haue left him yonder at a house  
A friends of mine, an honest Cittizen.

*Io.* Wee'll fetch him thence.

*Glo.* Nay then you iniure me, stay till he come; he's in a ruf-  
And muſt attend me like a Seruingman. (ſet cloake

*Io.* Holde ther's my fwoord, and with my fwoord my heart,  
Bring him for Godsake, and for thy desert, 1360  
My brother King and mother Queene shall loue thee.

*Glo.* Marke me good Prince, yonder away we come,  
I goe afore and Gloſter followes me;  
Let not the Shiriffe nor Richard meddle with vs,  
Begin you first, feaze Gloſter and arrest him;  
Ile draw and lay about me heere and heere,  
Be heedfull that your watchmen hurt me not,

*Io.* Ile hang him that doth hurt thee, prethee away,  
I loue thee, but thou kilſt me with delay.

*Glo.* Wel keep close watch, ile bring him preſently. 1370

*Io.* Away then quickly.

*Gl.* Gloſter, close master Shiriffe, Prince Richard,

*Ri.* Gloſte radieu. *Glo.* I truſt you.

*Rich.* By my Knight-hood Ile prooue true. *Exit Gloſter.*

*Io.* Reuenge, Ile build a Temple to your name;  
And the firſt offring ſhal be Gloſters head,  
Thy Alters ſhal be ſprinkled with the bloud,  
Whose wanton current his mad humour fed;  
He was a rymer and a Ridler,  
A ſcoffer at my mother, pray'd my father,  
Ile fit him now for al, eſcape and all. 1380

*Ric.* Take heede ſpight burſt not in his proper gall.

*Enter Faukenbridge and Blocke.*

*Io.* How now, what way tooke Faukenbridge I wonder?  
That is not Gloſter ſure that attends on him.

*Fau.* He came not at the Shiriffes by the morrow maffe,  
I fought the Goldſmithes rowe and found him not;  
Sirra, y'are ſure he ſent not home my chaine?

*Blo.* Who ſhould ſend your chaine fir?

*Fau.* The Prince, Prince John I lent it him to day. 1390

*Io.* What's this they talke?

*Bloc.* By

## A pleasant Commodity

*Blo.* By my truth Sir, and ye lent it him, I thinke you may  
goe look it : for one of the Drawers of the Salutation tolde  
me euen now, that he had tooke vp a chamber there till e-  
uening, and then he will away to Kent.

*Fau.* Body of me, he meanes to spend my chaine,  
Come Blocke Ile to him.

*Job.* Heare you Faukenbridge ?

*Fau.* Why what a knaue art thou ? younders Prince Iohn.

*Bl.* Then the Drawer's a knaue, he told me Prince Iohn was 1400  
at the Salutation.

*Jo.* Wheres Gloster Faukenbridge ?

*Fau.* Sweet Prince I knowe not.

*Job.* Come, iest not with me, tell me where he is ?

*Fau.* I never saw him since the Parlament.

*Jo.* Impudent lyar, didst thou not euen now

Say thou woldst fetch him ? hadst thou not my fword ?

*Fau.* Wert thou a King, I will not beare the lye,  
Thy fword ? no boy, thou feest this fword is myne.

*Blo.* My Master a lyer ? Zounds wert thou a potentate, 1410

*Fau.* I scorne to ware thy armes vntutred childe,  
I fetch thee Gloster ? shamelesse did I see thee  
Since as I went this morning to the Siriffes,  
Thou borrowedst my gold chaine ?

*Jo.* Thy chaine ?

*Fau.* I hope thou wilt not cheate me princkocks Iohn.

*Jo.* Ile cheat thee of thy life if thou charge me  
With any chaine.

*Fau.* Come, let him come I pray, Ile whip yee boy, Ile teach 1420  
you to out face.

*Blo.* Come, come, come, but one at once, ye dasterds come

*Rich.* Keepe the Kings peace, I see you are both deceau'd,  
He that was last heare, was not Faukenbridge.

*Fau.* They flaunder me, who sayes that I was heare ?

*Ric.* Wee doe beleue ye fir ; nor doe you thinke  
My brother John deceiu'd you of a chayne.

*Fau.* He did, I did deliuier it with this hand.

*Job.* Ile dye vpon the flanderer,

*Fau.* Let the boy come.

*Blo.* I

called Looke about you.

*Blo.* I, let him come, let him come.

1430

*Ric.* Fellow, thou spakst euen now, as if Prince John  
Had byn at some olde Tauerne in the towne.

*Blo.* I fir, I came vp now, but from the Salutation,  
And a drawer that doth not vse to lye, tolde me  
Prince John hath byn there all this after noone.

*Ioh.* The Deuill in my likeneffe then is there.

*Fau.* The Deuill in thy likeneffe or thy selfe,  
Had my gold chaine.

*Ioh.* Thou art the Deuill, for thou  
Hadst my good sword, all these can witnesse it.

1440

*Fau.* Gods Mother thou belyf mee.

*Job.* Giue me the lye?

*Rich.* Nay calme this fury, lets downe to the Tauerne,  
Or one, or both, these counterfeites are there.

*Fau.* I know him well enough that had my chaine,  
And there be two Iohns, if I finde one there,  
BerLady, I will lay him fast.

*Rich.* It is this Skinke that mockes vs I beleue.

*Job.* Alas poore Skink it is the Deuill Gloster ;  
Who if I be so happy once to finde,  
Ile giue contentment, to his troubled minde.

1450

*Rcib.* I hope he's far enough, and free enough :  
Yet these confeytes I know delight his soule.

*Fau.* Followe me Blocke, follow me honest Blocke.

*Blo.* Much follow you, I haue another peece of worke in  
hand ; I heare fay Redcaps father shall bee hanged this after  
noone, Ile see him slip a string though I giue my seruice the  
slip ; beside my Lady bad me heare his examination at his  
death : Ile get a good place, and pen it word for word, and as  
I like it, set out a moornefull Dittie to the tune of Laban-  
dalashot, or rowe wel ye Marriners, or somwhat as my muse  
shall me inuoke.

*Exit.*

*Enter Gloster like Faukenbridge with a Purseuant, Gloster sc. ix  
hauing a paper in his hand, the Purseuant bare.*

*Glo.* A charytable deed, God blesse the King,  
He shall be then repreueed.

*Pur.* I fir, some day or two, till the young King and Prince  
John

F

A pleasant Commodity,

Iohn chaunge it, especially if the good Earle bee not found  
which God forbid.

*Glo.* What house is this that wee are stapt into to read this 1470  
warrant in?

*Pur.* A Tauerne fir, the Salutation.

*Glo.* A Tauerne? then I will turne prodigall,  
Call for a pint of Sacke good fellow.

*Pur.* Drawer?

*Dra.* Anan fir.

*Glo.* A pint of thy best Sacke my pretty youth.

*Dra.* God bleffe your worship fir, ye shal haue the best in  
London fir.

*Glo.* What knowſt thou me? knowſt thou old Faukenbridge? 1480  
I am no Tauerne hunter I can tell thee.

*Draw.* But my Master hath taken many a faire pound of  
your man Blocke; he was heere to day fir, and fild two bot-  
tles of nippitate facke.

*Glo.* Well, fill vs of your nippitate fir,  
This is well chauncſt, but heere ye boy?  
Bring Suger in white paper, not in browne;  
For in white paper I haue heere a tricke,  
Shall make the Purſeuant firſt fwound, then ſicke.  
Thou honest fellow what's thy name?

1490

*Pur.* My name is Winterborne fir.

*Glo.* What countryman I prethee?

*Pur.* Barkefshire and please ye.

*Glo.* How long haſt thou bin fworne a messenger?

*Pur.* But yesterdaſt and please your worship,  
This is the firſt imployment I haue had.

*Enter Drawer with wine and Suger.*

*Glo.* A good beginning, heere haue too thee fellow;  
Thou art my fellow now thou feruest the King,  
Nay take Suger too, Gods Lady deere,  
I put it in my pocket, but it's heere:  
Drinke a good draught I prethee Winterborne.

1500

*He drinkeſ and falles ouer the ſtoole.*

*Dra.* O Lord Sir Richard, the man, the man.

*Glo.* What a forgetfull beaſt am I? peace boy,

It is

called Looke about you.

It is his fashions euer when he drinkes.

Fellow he hath the falling fickenes,

Run fetch two cushions to rayle vp his head,

And bring a little Key to ope his teeth.

*Exit Drawer.*

Purfeuant, your warrant and your boxe,

1510

These must with me, the shape of Faukenbridge

Will holde no longer water heere about.

Gloster wil be a proteus every houre,

That Elinor and Leyster, Henry, Iohn,

And all that rabble of hate louing cures,

May minister me more mirth to play vpon.

*Enter Drawer.*

*Dra.* Heer's a key sir, and one of our folke to help.

*Glo.* No matter for a key, help him but in,

And lay him by the fire a little while,

1520

He'll wake immediatly, but be hart ficke,

Ther's money for a candle and thy wine,

Ile goe but vp vnto your Aldermans,

And come downe prefently to comfort him:

*Exeunt*

*Within Ski.* Drawer? what Drawer? with a vengeance Dra. sc. x

*Within Dra.* Speake in the Crowne there.

*Enter Skinke like Prince John.*

*Skin.* They be come, the deuill crowne yee one by one,

Skinke tho'art betraide, that master Faukenbridge

Missing some of his chaine, hath got thee dog'd.

1530

Drawer? what Drawer?

*Dra.* Anan, anan fir.

*Ski.* Was not fir Richard Faukenbridge below?

*Dra.* Yes and please yee.

*Skin.* It does not please me wel, knowes he that I am heer?

*Dra.* No I protest.

*Ski.* Come hether firra, I haue little money,

But ther's some few linkes of a chayne of golde:

Vpon your honesty knowes not fir Richard,

That I am heere?

1540

*Dra.* No by my holydam.

*Skin.* Who's that was with him?

*Dra.* Why a Purfeuant.

A pleasant Commodity

*Skin.* Where is sir Richard?

*Dra.* At the Aldermans.

*Skin.* A Purseuant and at the Aldermans.

What Pyg, or Goofe, or Capon haue you kill'd,  
Withing your Kitchin new?

*Dra.* A pyg new stickt.

*Skin.* Fetch me a sawcer of the bloud, quicke run; Exit. 1550  
Ile fit the Purseuant, and Alderman,

And Faukenbridge, if Skinke haue any wit.

Well Gloster, I did neuer loue thee yet,  
But th'art the maddest Lord that ere I met,  
If I scape this, and meete thee once againe,  
Curfse Skinke, if he dye penny in thy det.

*Enter Drawer.*

*Dra.* O my Lord the house is full of holberts, and a great  
many Gentlemen aske for the roome where Prince John is?

*Skin.* Lend me thy Aprone, runne and fetch a pot from the 1560  
next roome.

Betray'd, swounds betray'd, by gout, by palfie, by dropfie;  
O braue boy, excellent bloud: vp, take my cloake  
And my hat to thy share, when I come from Kent, ile pay  
Thee like a King.

*Dra.* I thanke you my Lord.

*Exit.*

*Enter John, Richard, Faukenbridge, Shiriffes and Officers.*

*Ski.* Now fortune help or neuer: they come, and yee were a  
Prince as yee say ye are, yee would bee ashamed to abuse a  
poore feruant thus, but and if you were not of the bloud 1570  
Royall, Ide breake the necke of yee downe the stayres, so  
would I, Ide teach you to hurt prentisies.

*Ri.* Who hurt thee fellow?

*Skin.* Prince deuill or his dam, Prince Iohn they call him.

*Job.* Gloster I hope.

*Ri.* I doubt not but it's Skinke.

*Io.* Where is he?

*Skin.* Vp them stayres, take heede of him.

He's in the Crowne.

*Fau.* Alas poore fellow, he hath crown'd thee shrewdly. 1580

*Jo.* In recompence, if it be him I seeke,

Ile

called Looke about you.

Ile giue thee his whole head to tread vpon.  
Follow me brother, come olde Faukenbridge,  
Keep the stayres Shiriffes, you see it waxeth darke,  
Take heede he slip not by you.

*Exeunt*

*Ski.* Hange your felues, this darkenes shal conuay me out,  
Ile swim the Thames, but Ile attaine Black-heath, (of doors  
London farewell, curse Iohn, rauue Faukenbridge,  
Skinke scapes you all by twy lights priuylege.

*Within.* Where is he? lights, bring lights, drag out that boy. 1590

*Enter all with the boy.*

*Io.* This is my cloke, my hat, my rapier,  
And eyther it was Skinke or Gloster.

*Dra.* I know not who twas fir, he said he was Prince Iohn,  
he tooke away my aprone and a pottle pot with him, and al  
to bloudied his head and face.

*Fau.* We met him, by S. Anthony, we met him.

*Io.* The fire of S. Anthony confound  
This changing counterfeit whatsoeuer he be.

*Rich.* It makes me laugh at eniuious greedines,  
Who feedes vpon her owne harts bitternes. 1600

*Job.* Sirra you that were borne to cry anan,  
What other copesmates haue you in the houfe?

*Draw.* Sir, my Maifters geffe be none of my copesmates,

*Io.* Well your geffe, can ye geffe who they be?

*Draw.* Marry heere's a purfeuant, that this Gentleman fir  
Richard Faukenbridge left sick eu'en now.

*Fau.* Marry of God dyd I, thou lyiug knaue?

*Dra.* I am a poore boy fir, your worship may say your plea-  
sne, our maides haue had a foule hand with him, you said he 1610  
would be sicke: so he is with a witnesse.

*Job.* Looke about Faukenbridge, heere's worke for you,  
You haue some euill Angell in your shape,  
Goe firra, bring vs foorth that Purfeuant?

*Enter two leading the Purfeuant sicke.*

*Rich.* Gloster, thou wilt be too too venterous,  
Thou dooſt delight in thoſe odde humours fo,  
That much I feare they'll be thy ouerthowē. *aside.*

*Pur.* O O O not too fast; O I am sicke, O very sicke.

## A pleasant Commodity

*Io.* What picture of the pestilence is this?

1620

*Purf.* A poore man sir, a poore man sir: downe I pray yee,  
I pray let me sit downe. A sir Richard, sir Richard, a good  
sir Richard: what haue I deseru'd to be thus dealt with all  
at your worships hands? a ha, ah, ah.

*Fau.* At my hands knaue? at my hands paltry knaue?

*Dra.* And I should be brought to my booke oath sir:

*Within.* What Ieffrey?

*Dra.* Anan, anan.

*Job.* A plague vpon your Ieffring, is your name Ieffrey?

*Dra.* I and't please you sir.

1630

*Rich.* Why gentle Ieffrey then stay you awhile,  
What can you say, if you come to your booke?

*Dra.* If I bee pos'd vpon a booke sir, though I bee a poore  
prentise, I must speake the truth, & nothing but the truth sir.

*Io.* And what's your truth sir?

*Pur.* O, O my heart.

*Dra.* Mary sir this Knight, this man of worship.

*Fau.* Well, what of me? what did my worship doe?

*Dra.* Mary ye came into the Bel, our roome next the Barre,  
with this honest man as I take it.

1640

*Fau.* As thou tak'ſt it?

*Pur.* O fir tis too true, too true, too true O Lord.

*Dra.* And there he call'd for a pint of Sacke, as good Sacke  
(Ile bee pos'd vpon all the bookes that euer opened and  
shut) as any is in all Christendome.

*Fau.* Body of me, I come and call for Sacke?

*Pur.* O ye did, ye did, ye did, O O.

*Job.* Well forward firra.

*Ric.* Gloster hath done this iest.

*Dra.* And you call'd then for Suger fir, as good Suger and 1650  
as wholsome, as euer came in any cup of Sacke: you drunke  
to this man, and you doe well God be thanked, but hee no  
sooner drunke:

*Pur.* But I, but I, but I, O my head, O my heart.

*Rich.* I cannot chuse but smile at these conseites.

*Io.* I am mad, and yet I must laugh at Faukenbridge:  
Brother, looke how sir Richard actes his rage?

*Fau.* I

called Looke about you.

*Fau.* I came? I call? the man is like to dye,  
Practise by th' emaffe, practise by the marry God,  
Iohn loues me not, Prince Richard loues my wife,  
I shall be charg'd heere, for a poysned knaue,  
Practise by th'Lord, practise I see it cleare.

1660

*Pur.* And more Sir Richard, O Lord O Sir Richard,

*Fa.* What more? what haft thou more? what practise more?

*Pur.* O my box, my box, with the Kings armes, O my box,  
O my box, it cost me, O Lord euery penny O, my box,

*Rcib.* And what of your box sir.

*Dra.* Mary fir it's lost, & tis wel knowne my Master keeps  
no theeues in his house, O there was none but you and he.

*Fau.* O then belike thou thinkest I had his box,

1670

*Pur.* O fir Richard I will not, O Lord I will not charge you  
for all the world, but, but, but for the warrant the olde King  
fignd to repreue the Porter of the fleet, O God, O God!

*Io.* The Porter of the Fleet, the olde king fignd,

*Pur.* I my good Lord, oh, oh,

*Io.* Is he repreiued then?

*Pur.* No my Lord, O fir Richard tooke it from me with his  
owne hand, O.

*Fau.* Heeres a deuice to bring me in contempt  
With the olde King, that I euer lou'd,  
Princes and Shiriffe, you can witneffe with me,  
That I haue bin with you, this after noone,  
Onely with you, with no body but you,  
And now a fellow whome the King would faue,  
By a repreue, this fellow sayes is hang'd,

1680

*Io.* If thou hadst done it, Ide haue iustified it,  
But Richard I conceipt this iest already,  
This mad mate Skinke, this honest merry knaue,  
Meeting this Purfeuant, and hearing tell  
He had a warrant to repreue a flauue,  
Whome we would hang: stole it away from him.  
This is sure the Iest, vpon my life it is,

1690

*Pur.* O but my warrant, how shall I doe? O,

*Ric.* But looke about you, hot braind brother Iohn,  
And I beleue you'l finde it otherwise,

Gloster

A pleasant Commodity,

Gloster hath got the warrant in disguise,  
And sau'd the fellow fo faine would hang.

*Io.* No, no, how say you M. Shiriffe, is he not hang'd?

*Shi.* My Lord, the gibbet was set vp by noone  
In the olde Bayly, and I charg'd my men,  
If I returne not, though it were by Toarch light,  
To see him executed ere they come.

1700

*Jo.* I am greedy to heare newes.

*Fau.* Rob'd of my chaine, out-fac'd I had a sward,  
Accuf'd of poysoning, cousonage, seeking bloud?  
Not to be borne: it is vntollerable.

*Rich.* Sir Richard, I prethee haue some patience.

*Fau.* Ile to Blacke-heath, talke not of patience,  
It is intollerable, not to be borne.

*Io.* It is intollerable not to be borne,  
A warrant brother, Faukenbridge a warrant?

1710

*Fau.* I saw no warrant, I defie you all.

*Jo.* A flauue, a Purseuant, one winter borne.

*Fau.* I care not for thee that winter borne.

*Pur.* O it is I fir, that's my warrant.

*Io.* Ifst you? you rogue, you drunkerd; ye are cheated,  
And we are cheated of the prisoner,  
Out dog, dog.

*Pur.* O ô ô ô my Lord.

*Exit and Drawer.*

*Shi.* Haue patience and we wil haue a priuy search.

1720

*Io.* Goe hang ye block-heads, get ye from my fight,  
O would I were a Basiliske, to kill  
These gleare ey'd villaines.

*Shir.* Come away let's leaue him. *Exeunt Shiriffes*  
We haue a warrant let him doe his worst. *and Officers.*

*Fau.* Ile to Blacke-heath, Ile to the holy Hermit,  
There shall I knowe not onely these deceiuers,  
But how my wife playes fast and loose with Richard,  
Ha, I shall fit them, Ile tickle them,  
Ile doo't, Ile hence, Ile to the Heath amaine,

*Exit. 1730*

*Io.* There shall I know, where this damned Gloster is,  
Ile haue the Deuils rouf'd to finde that Deuill,  
Or else Ile coniure the olde Coniurer.

Ile

called Looke about you.

Ile to Blacke-heath, and there with friends conspire,  
But Ile haue Glosters head my hearts desire.

*Rich.* Would mad Earle Robyn saw these humouristes.  
Twol'd feed him fat with Laughter; O twold fit him,  
Where euer he is, I knowe the bare confaite  
Is better to him than his daintiest foode,  
Well, and it fits mee well, now I haue time,  
To coort my Lady Faukenbridge at leysure,  
Loue I emplore thy aide faire Cipria,  
Thou sea-borne mother at affections ring,  
Shine brightly in thy sphere, that at my starre,  
My plannet thou of all lights most beautious,  
Be thou to my desires Auspicious.

1740

*Exit.*

*Enter Robin Hood in the Lady Faukenbridges  
gowne, night attire on his head.*

Sc. xi

*Rob.* O for this Lady, was neuer poore Gentleman troubled  
with Gentlewoman as I am with my selfe, my Lady Fauken- 1750  
bridge hath fitted me a turne, heere I am vistited with fleeue-  
lesse errands and with asking for this thing Madam and that  
thing Madam, that they make me almost mad in earnest.  
whoop heer's another Client.

*Enter a Seruicingman.*

*Ser.* Heer's my Lady Rawfords Page attends to speake with  
your Ladyship.

*Rob.* I pray ye bid her Lordships Page come into my  
Ladyship: well Robin Hood, part with these petticoates,  
And cast these loose deuices from thy backe, 1760  
Ile nere goe more vntrust, neuer bee kercheft.  
Neuer haue this adoe, with what doe you lacke?

*Enter Page.*

*Page.* Madam my Lady greets your honour kindely,  
And sends you the first grapes of her young vine.

*Rob* I am much indepted to her honour, thers an angel for  
you to drinke; set them vp till after supper. Humphery, pray  
looke about for Blocke. Humphery? trust mee I thinke the  
foole be lost.

*Pa.* No forsooth, Madam hee's vpon the greene Iestng 1770  
with a stammerer, one Redcap.

G

*Rob.* it is

## A pleasant Commodity

*Rob.* It is a lewd fellowe, pray bid him come in youth, Ile  
giue him his welcome at the doore: commend me to your  
Lady, I pray ye hartily. *Exit Page*

Humphrey, I maruell where sir Richard is so late? truely,  
truely hee does not as befeemes a gentleman of his calling,  
pray let some goe foorth to meete him on the greene, and  
sendl in that blockehead Blocke. *Exit Humphrey.*

*Enter Redcap and Blocke after him.*

*Bloc.* Wil ye tel tales ye affe, will ye? 1780

*Red.* Ile te te tell your La La Lady or I would to g God we  
were ha hang'd else, as my fa father should haue bin.

*Rob.* Now what's the matter there I pray you? what com-  
pany haue you there a gods name? where spend you the day  
I pray?

*Bloc.* Why where you gaue me leaue, at the gallows I was,  
no farther.

*Red.* A a and you be his La Lady, you are the La Lady Fau  
Faukenbridge, the Earle of glo Glosters sister.

*Rob.* I am so fellow. 1790

*Red.* Y y your man b b Blocke heere, does no nothing but f  
f floute m me, a and cr cries r run Re Redcap ad f f see your f  
f father ha ha hang'd. I sh shal g go neere to m make m mur-  
der and he v vse it.

*Rob.* Wel firra, leaue your mocking you were best, Ile bob  
your beetle head and if you mocke him.

*Blo.* He's run Redcap.

*Red.* La la law ma Madam.

*Rob.* Away ye saucy foole, goe waite within.

*Blo.* Run Redcap, run Redcap. Exit. 1800

*Rob.* Art thou the Porters sonne, that was condemned a-  
bout my brother Gloster?

*Red.* I g g God be with ye, I am the p p Porters son, I m must  
r run to f f seeke your b br brother.

*Rob.* Wel, drinke that fellow, if thou finde my brother bee  
not too violent, and Ile reward thee.

*Red.* I th th thanke ye h hartily, and I had not bin coufoned  
with Sk Skinke, I had no nee need of these ia iaunts, for Gl  
Gloster was f safe enough.

*Enter*

called Looke about you.

*Enter Blocke and the Porter with his cloake muffled.*

1810

*Bl.* Ah farewel Redcap.

*Red.* Fa fare we wel and be ha hang.

*Exit.*

*Rob.* You'll neuer leaue your knauery, whose there more ?

*Bl.* One Madam that hath commendations to you from  
your brother.

*Rob.* Comnest thou from Gloster ? thou art welcome friend

*Bl.* O it's one of the kindest Ladies (though she wil now &  
then haue about with Block) that euer breath'd, and she had  
been in her mood now, Redcap would haue made her such  
sp fp sport as't a pa pa paſt.

1820

*Rob.* Wil you make fpport and see who knockes againe ?

*Bl.* Our gates are like an Anuile, from foure to ten, nothing  
but knicke a knocke vpon't.

*Exit.*

*Rob.* Wil you be gone fir ? honest friend I am glad

My brother Gloster got thy liberty,  
Whose flight was cause of thy captiuitu :  
Nor shal there be in vs such negligence,  
Though thou haue lost thy Office and thy house,  
But we wil see thee better farre prouided,  
Than when thou wert porter in the Fleete.

1830

*Enter Blocke.*

*Bl.* Madam your olde friend Prince Richard,  
All alone, making mone, fetching many a greeuous grone.

*Rob.* Prince Richard come so late ? lights to his chamber,  
Sirra, in any case say I am fische.

*Bl.* Very fische, fische and like to dye: Ile sing it and you wil.

*Ro.* Away ye knaue, tel him, in the morning  
Ile humbly waite vpon his excellencie.

*Bl.* That's all his desire to haue ye lowly and humble, and  
tis a courteous thing in a Lady.

*Exit.* 1840

*Ro.* Hence, or else ile set you hence : goe in good friend.  
Come Lady Faukenbridge, it's time to come,  
Robin can holde out no longer I see,  
Hot wooers will be tempters preſently.

*Exit*

*Enter Skinke like a Hermit.*

Sc. xii

*Ski.* Now holy Skinke in thy religious weed,  
Looke out for purchase, or thy wonted clyants :

A pleasant Commodity

Warrents quoth you, I was fairely warrented,  
Young Robin Hood the Earle of Huntington,  
Shall neuer fetch me more vnto his Prince.

1850

*Enter Ladie Faukenbridge in Merchants wiues attyre.*

But *pauca verba* Skinke, a prize, a prize,  
By th'mas a pretty girle, cloſe Hermit cloſe,  
Ore-heare if thou canſt, what ſhe deſires,  
For ſo my cuſting and my credit ſpreads.

*La.* See how affection armes my feeble ſtrength,  
To this ſo deſperate iourneying all alone,  
While Robin Hood young Earle of Huntington,  
Playes Lady Faukenbridge for me at home.

*Ski.* What miſtery is this? the Lady Faukenbridge,  
It's ſhe, ſweet fortune thou haſt ſent her wel,  
I will intice this morcell to my Cell:  
Her husband's iealous, I will giue him cauſe,  
As he beleeues, I hope it haſt ſucceſſe;  
Nay ſwounds it haſt, ſhe's mine in ſcorne of ſpeed.

*La.* By this broad beaten path, it ſhould appeare,  
The holy Hermits Caue cannot be farre,  
And if I erre not, this is he himſelfe.

*Ski.* What houour'd tongue enquereth for the Hermit?

*La.* What honour'd tongue?

*Ski.* I Lady Faukenbridge,  
I know ye, and I know for what you come,  
For Gloſter and your husbands iealousie.

*La.* O thou, whose eye of contemplation,  
Lookes through the windows of the highest heauens,  
Reſolute thy Hand-maide, where Earle Gloſter liues:  
And whether he haſt liue, and ſcape the hate,  
Of proude young Henry and his brother John?

*Ski.* Ile haue you firſt in, Ile tel you more anone.  
Madam, they ſay buſhes haue eares and eyes,  
And theſe are matters of great ſecrecy:  
And you'll vouchſafe enter my holy Cell,  
There what you long to know, ile quickly tell.

*Enter Iohn and Faukenbridge.*

*La.* Stay heere are ſtrangers.

*Ski.* A

1860

1870

1880

called Looke about you.

*Ski.* A plague vpon them, come they in the nicke,  
To hinder Raynald of his Foxes tricke?

*Jo.* Good day olde Hermit.

*Fau.* So to you faire Dame.

*Io.* By Elinors gray eye she's faire indeed;

1890

Sweet heart come ye for holy benizons?

Hermit haft thou good custome with such Clients?

I cannot blame your feates, your iugling trickes,

Plague iuggle you.

*La.* Why curfse ye sacred worth?

*Fau.* Ill done in sooth my Lord, very ill done,

Wrong holines: a very pretty woman.

Mocke grauity; by the masse a cherry lippe,

A it's not wel done, deride a holy Hermit?

*Io.* I haue it in my purse shall make amends.

1900

*Ski.* His purse and yours, shall make me some amends,

For hindring me this morning from the Lady;

For scaring me at Tauerne yesternight,

For hauing backe your chaine, Ile fit you both.

*Io.* Hermit, a word.

*Fau.* A word with you faire mistresse.

*Io.* Where lye your deuils that tel all your newes?

Would you would trouble them for halfe an houre,

To know what's become of traytor Gloster,

That in my cloathes brake prifon in the Fleete?

1910

*Ski.* No, it was Skinke.

*Jo.* Come olde foole yee dote.

*Ski.* But heare me.

*Fau.* Heare him Prince.

*Io.* Swounds who heares you? Ile make your Lady graft ye

for this worke: but to your tale fir.

*Ski.* Knowe thrise honour'd Prince, that Skinke did couisen

Redcap of his cloathes.

Gloster did couzen Skinke, and so escapt.

*Jo.* Well done Faukenbridge?

1920

*Fau.* My Lord, he tels you true.

*Jo.* You finde it on her lippes: but forward fir.

*Ski.* Twas Skinke in Glosters gowne, whome you did visit,

That

### A pleasant Commodity

That playd at bowles and after stole your cloths,  
While you went into the Lord Moortons chamber.

*Io.* This fauors of some truth,

*Fau.* Tis very like,

*Job.* Well Faukenbridge by heauen Ile tell your wife,

*Fau.* She'l much beleue you: you will come?

Tell me of my wife: this euening faile me not. 1930

My wife quoth you: Ile send my wife from home,  
Do, tell my wife prince Iohn, by my deare mother,  
I loue her too too well to like another.

*La.* It seemes so fox, O what a world is this,  
There most finne raynes where least suspition is,

*Fau.* You'l come.

*La.* I will not faile, I warrant you,

*Jo.* Hermit is all this true,

*Ski.* Himselffe deliuer not so much before ye sleepe,  
Roote me from out the borders of this Realme. 1940

*Jo.* Well by your leave sir Richard Faukenbridge,  
Hence free from feare, you'l melt you'l melt olde man,

*Fau.* Nay take her to you, she is a shrow I warrant,  
Ile to the holy Hermit, and inquire,  
About my chaine, your fword, the Purseuant  
And other matters that I haue to aske,

*Ski.* Your welcome good sir Richard,

*Io.* Nay doe not stand on tearmes, I am fire, all life,  
Nor neuer tell me that I haue a wife.

I doe not meane to marry, ye think so,  
But to be merry, you the manner knowe.

And you will haue me, haue me, poynt a meeting,  
Ile be your true loue, you shall be my sweeting,  
If you deny to promise, this is plaine  
Ile haue my will eare you get home againe.

*La.* most gratioues Lord.

*Io.* Tut tell not me of grace I like no goodnes but a beauti-  
ous face.

Be therefore breefe, giue me your hand & fweare,  
Or Ile away with you into the heath, 1960  
Neither shall Faukenbridge nor Hermit helpe,

And

called Looke about you.

And what I doe Ile answere well enough.

*La.* Why, then my Lord.

*Io.* Nay do not stand on then,  
But tell me when my Lord shall haue you Lady,  
Its presently, ile venter for a baby.

*La.* This night at stepney by my summer house,  
There is a tauerne which I sometime vse,  
When we from London come a goffopping,  
It is the Hinde.

1970

*Io.* Giue me thy pretty hand.  
Thou'l meet me at the Hinde, Ile by thy Roe,

*La.* One word's enough,

*Io.* Suffice then be it so,

*La.* Ile fit my olde adulterer and your grace,  
Ile fende the Princesse thether in my place.

*Fa.* Prince Iohn, Prince Iohn, the Hermit teles me wonders.  
He fayes it was Skinke that scapt vs at the Tauerne,  
Skinke had my chaine: nay sure that Skinke did all.

*Skin.* I say goe but to yonder corner,  
And ere the Sun be halfe an hower higher,  
Ther will the theefe attempt a robbery,

1980

*Io.* Who Skinke?

*Fau.* Will Skinke?

*Ski.* I Skinke vpon my word.

*Fau.* Shal we goe seaze vpon him good Prince Iohn?

*Io.* Nay we will haue him that's no question.  
And yet not hurte the honest rogue.  
he'll helpe vs well in quest of changeing Gloster,  
Hermit farewell, Lady keepe your houre.

1990

*Fau.* Adeiu olde Hermit: foone in th'euening Laste,

*La.* Ile meet you both, and meet with both of you.  
Father what answere doe you giue to me?

*Ski.* Lady start downe I must into my cell,  
Where I am curing of a man late hurt,  
He dreft, I must vnto my Orizons,  
In halfe an houre al wil be dispatcht,  
And then I will attend your Ladyship.

*La.* At your best leasure father, O the life

That

## A pleasant Commodity

That this thrise reuerend Hermit leadeth heere.  
How farre remote from mortall vanities,  
Baites to the soule, enticements to the eye ?  
How farre is he vnlike my lustfull Lord ?  
Who being giuen himselfe to be vnchaste,  
Thinke all men like himselfe, in their effects,  
And iniures me, that neuer had a thought,  
To wrong the sacred rytes of spotlesse faith.

2000

*Enter Skinke with a patch on his face, and a Faulconers lure  
in his hand.*

*Ski.* Hermit farewel, ile pay ye or speake with ye next time 2010  
I see yee. Sweete mouse the Hermit bids you stay heere,  
he'll visit you anon. Now Iohn and Faukenbridge, Ile match  
yee, and I doe not say Skinke's a wretch, a wren, a worme,  
when I haue trickt them, Madam I will trimme you. Com-  
modity is to be prefer'd before pleasure. About profit Skink,  
for crownes for crownes, that make the kingly thoughts.

*La.* I am assur'd that man's some murderer, *Exit.*  
Good Father Hermit speake and comfort me,  
Are ye at prayers good olde man ? I pray ye speake,  
What's heere a beard ? a counterfeited hayre ? 2020  
The Hermits portes ? garments and his beades ?  
Iesus defend me I will fly this denne,  
It's some theeues caue, no haunt for holy men.  
What if the murderer, (as I ges him one)  
Set on my husband, tush Prince Iohn and hee  
Are able to defend them noble felues,  
How eare, I will not tarry, Ile away,  
Least vnto theft and rape, I prooue apray. *Exit.*

*Enter Skinke Solus.*

*Skin.* Younder they are Ile fit them, heer's my ground : Sc. xiii  
Wa ha how, wa ha how, wa ha how ? 2031

*Enters Faukenbridge.*

*Fau.* I warrant ye my Lord some man's distrest.

*Iob.* Why man tis a Faulconer.

*Fau.* Mary

called Looke about you.

*Fa.* Mary of me good fellow, I did think thou hadst bin rob'd.

*Ski.* Rob'd, sir no, he that comes to rob me shal haue a hard match on't, yet two good fellows had like to bin rob'd by one tall theefe, had not I stept in: abots on him, I loft a hauke by him, & yet I car'd not to fend another after him, so I could find the theefe; and here about he is. I know he is squatted. 2040

*Fau.* Sayft thou me so? we'l finde him by S. Mary.

An honest fellow, a good common wealths man.

*Io.* There are caues heereabout good fellow, are there not?

*Ski.* Yes fir, tread the ground fir, & you shal heare their hollownes, this way fir this way.

*Io.* Help Faukenbridge.

*Fau.* O help me good prince Iohn.

*Skin.* Ile helpe you both, deliuer sir deliuer, Swounds linger not: Prince Iohn put vp your purffe, or ile throw poniards downe vpon your pate. Quickely, when? I am Skink 2050 that scapt ye yesternight, and fled the Fleete in your cloake, carrying mee cleane out of winde and raine. I broke the bonds and linkes that fettered your chaine amity, this cheate is mine: Farewel I cannot stay, sweet Prince, olde Knight, I thanke ye for this pray.

*Fau.* Gods mary mother, heer's a iest indeed,  
We came to take, a theefe takes vs:

Where are ye good my Lord?

*Io.* No matter where, I thinke I was fore-spoken at <sup>the</sup> teate,  
This damn'd rogue seru'd me thus? Gloster and he 2060  
Vpon my life conclude in villany.

He was not wont to plot these stratagems,  
Lend me your hand a little, come away,  
Let's to the Cell againe, perchaunce the Hermit  
Is Skinke, and theefe, and Hermit al in one.

*Fau.* Mary a God then ten to one its so,  
Wel thought on Princely Iohn,  
He had my chayne, no doubt he had your fwoord.

*Io.* If there be now no Hermit at the Cel, 2069  
Ile sweare by al the Saints its none but he. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Gloster in the Hermits gowne, putting  
on the beard.* *Sc. xiv*

## A pleasant Commodity

*Glo.* This accident hath hit thy humour Gloster,  
From purseuant ile turne a Hermit now.  
Sure he that keeps this Cell is a counterfeit,  
Elfe what does he heere with false hayre and beard?  
Well how so eare it be, Ile seeme to be  
The holy Hermit: for fuch fame there is,  
Of one accounted reuerend on this heath.

*Enter Skinke.*

2080

*Ski.* Ile faine vnto my cell, to my faire Lady,  
But Iohn and Faukenbridge are at my heeles.  
And some od mate is got into my gowne,  
And walks deuoutly like my counterfeite,  
I cannot stay to question with you now,  
I haue another gowne, and all things fit,  
These guests once rid, new mate? Ile bum, Ile marke you.

*Gl.* What's he a gods name? he is quickly gone,  
I am for him, were he Robin-good fellow,  
Whose yonder the Prince Iohn and Faukenbridge?  
I thinke they haunt me like my *genii*,  
One good the other ill, by th'mas they prye  
And looke vpon me but suspicioñsly.

2090

*Io.* This is not Skinke, the Hermit is not Skinke:  
He is a learned reuerend holy man.

*Fau.* He is he is a very godly man.  
I warrant ye, he's at his booke at's prayers,  
Wee shoulde haue tooke you, by my hollydam  
Euen for a very theefe.

(me fo,

*Glo.* Now God forfend such noblemen as you should gesse 2100  
I neuer gaue such cause for ought I knowe.

*Io.* Yet thou didſt tell vs Skinke should doe a robberye,  
Appoynted vs the place, and there we found him,

*Fau.* And he felt vs, for he hath rob'd vs both.

*Glo.* He's a lewd fellow, but he shall be taken.

*Io.* I had rather heere of Gloster then of him.

*Glo.* Gloster did cheat him, of the fame golde chaine,  
That deceiu'd Sir Richard Faukenbridge.  
He got your fword Prince Iohn: twa's he that faude  
The porter, and beguil'd the Purfeuant,

2110

*Io.* A

called Looke about you.

*Job.* A vengaunce on him.

*Glo.* Doo not curfse good Prince, he's bad enough, twere  
better pray for him.

*Jo.* Ile kill thee, and thou bid me pray for him.

Ile fell woods, and ring thee round with fire,  
Make thee an offring vnto fierce reuenge,  
If thou haue but a thought to pray for him.

*Glo.* I am bound to pray for all men, chefely christians.

*Job.* Ha ha, for christians, thinkſt thou he is one ?

For men : haſt thou opinion he is a man ?  
He that changes himſelfe to fundry ſhapes,  
Is he a christian ? can he be a man ?

2120

O, Irreligious thoughts,

*Glo.* Why worthy Prince I ſaw him christened, dept into

*Jo.* Then nyne times like the northen laplanders, (the font  
He backward circled the ſacred Font,  
And nyne times backward ſayd his Orifons,  
As often curſt the glorious hoaſt of heauen,  
As many times inuocke the fiends of hell,  
And ſo turn'd witch, for Gloſter is a witch.

2130

*Glo.* Haue patient Gentle Prince, he ſhall appeare,  
Before your Kingly father ſpeedily.

*Jo.* Shall he indeed ? ſweet comfort kiffe thy cheeke,  
Peace circle in thy aged honoured head,  
When he is taken : Hermit I protest  
Ile build thee vp a chappell and a ſhrine :  
Ile haue thee worſhipt, as a man deuine,  
Affiſſe he ſhall come, and Skinke ſhall come.

*Glo.* I that ſame Skinke, I prethee ſend that Skinke,

*Job.* Send both, and both as prisoners criminante  
Shall forfeite their laſt liues to Englands ſtate,  
Which way will Faukenbridge ?

2140

*Fau.* Ouer the water, and ſo with al ſpeed I may to Stepney

*Jo.* I muſt to Stepney too, and reuile, and be blith,  
Olde winke at my mirth, t'may make amends,  
So thou, and I, and our friends, may be friends,

*Fau.* Withall my heart, withall my heart Prince,  
Olde Faukenbridge will waite vpon your grace,

A pleasant Commodity,

Be good to Gloster for my Marrians sake,  
And me and myne you shall your seruants make,

2150

*Glo.* Of that anon my pleasure being seru'd,  
Gloster shall haue what Gloster hath deseru'd.

*Fau.* Why, that's well said, adew good honest Hermit, *Exit.*

*Io.* Hermit farewell, if I had my desire,  
Ile make the world thy wonderous deeds admire, *Exit.*

*Glo.* Still good, still passing good, Gloster is still  
Henryes true hate, foe to Johns foward will.

No more of that for them in better tyme,  
If this fame Hermit be an honest man,

He will protect me by this simple life,  
If not I care not, Ile be euer Gloster,

Make him my foot stole if he be a flau,  
For Bafeneffe ouer worth can haue no power.

Robin be thinke thee, thou art come from Kings,  
Then scorne to be flau to vnderlings,

Looke well about thee Lad and thou shalt see,  
Them burst in enuy that would iniure thee.

Hermit Ile meet you in your Hermits gowne,  
Honest, Ile loue you: worse, Ile knocke you downe. *Exit.*

2160

*Enter Prince Richard with musicke.*

Sc. xv

Kinde friends, wee haue troubled Lady Faukenbridge,  
And eyther she's not willing to be seene,

2172

Or els not well: or with our boldnesse greeu'd,  
To ease these I haue brought you to this window,

Knowing your are in muficke excellent,  
I haue pend a ditty heere: and I desire

You would sing it for her loue and my content,

*Musi.* With all my heart my Lord.

*Enter Robin Hood like the Lady.*

*Rob.* Your excellencie forgets your Princely worth,  
If I may humbly craue it at your hands,  
Let me desire this muficke be dismift,

2180

*Ric.* For beare I pray and with draw your felues.  
Be not offended gratioues Marrian, *Exeunt Musicke.*  
Vnder the vpper heauen, nine goodly spheres,

Turne

called Looke about you.

Turne with a motion euer musicall,  
In Pallaces of Kings, meliodious sounds,  
Offer pleasures to ther soueraignes eares.  
In Temples, milke white clothed queristors,  
Sing sacred Anthemes bowing to the shrine,  
And in the feeds whole quires of winged clarke,  
Salutes the morning bright and Christaline,  
Then blame not me, you are my heauen, my Queene,  
My faint, my comfort, brighter then the morne,  
To you all musicke, and all praise is due.  
For your delight you for delight was borne,  
The world wold haue no mirth, no ioy, no day,  
If from the world your beautie were away.

2190

*Rob.* Fie on loues blasphemie and forgery,  
To call that in, that's onely misery,  
I that am wedded to suspitious age,  
Solicited by your lasciuious youth,  
I that haue one poore conforte liuing,  
Gloster my brother, my hie harted brother,  
He flies for feare, least he shoule faint and fall  
Into the hands of hate tirannicall.

2200

*Ric.* What would you I shoule doe?

*Rob.* I would full faine, my brother Gloster had his peace  
againe.

2210

*Ric.* Shall loue be my reward if I doe bring  
A certaine token of his good estate,  
And after pacyfie my brothers wrath?  
Say you'l loue, we'l be fortunate,

*Rob.* I will.

*Rich.* No more, I vow to dye vnblest  
If I performe not this inposed quest,  
But one word Madam pray can you tell,  
Where Huntington my ward is?

*Rob.* I was bold to fend yong Robin Hood your noble ward  
Vpon some busines of import for me.

2220

*Ri.* I am glad he is imployde in your affayres,  
Farewell kinde faire, let one cloudy frowne  
Shaddow the bright sunne of thy beauties light.

A pleasant Commodity,  
Be confident in this, ile finde thy brother,  
Rayfe power but we'l haue peace, onely performe  
Your gratiouse promise at my backe returne.

*Rob.* Wel, heer's my hand, Prince Richard that same night  
Which secondesthe day of your returne,  
Ile be your bedfellow, and from that houre  
Forfweare the loathed bed of Faukenbridge : 2230  
Be speedy therefore, as you hope to speed.

*Ric.* O that I were as large wing'd as the winde,  
Then should you see my expeditious will :  
My most desire, adew, gueffe by my haste,  
Of your sweet promise the delicious taste.

*Exit.*

*Rob.* Why so: I am rid of him by this deuise,  
He would else haue tyred me with his fighes and songs,

*Enter Blocke.*

But now I shall haue easse, heere comes the Saint,  
To whom such fute was made. 2240

*Bl.* My Lady Gentlewoman is eue n heere in her priuirtye  
walke, Madam heer's the Marchants wife was heere yester-  
day would speake with yee; O I was somewhat bolde to  
bring her in.

*Ro.* Wel leauue vs sir; y'are welcome gentlewoman.

*Bl.* These women haue no liberality in the world in them,  
I neuer let in man to my Lady, but I am rewarded.

*Rob.* Please ye to walke fir? wherfore mumble ye?

*La.* Robin what newes? how haft thou done this night?

*Ro.* My Ladifship hath done my part, my taske, 2250  
Lyne all alone for lacke of company,  
I might haue had Prince Richard,

*La.* Was he heere?

*Rob.* He went away but now; I haue bin lou'd & wood too  
God rid me of the woman once againe, (simply,  
Ile not be tempted so for all the world,  
Come, wil you to your chamber and vncase?

*La.* Nay keep my habit yet a little while,  
Olde Faukenbridge is almost at the gate,  
I met him at Black heath iuſt at the Hermits, 2260  
And taking me to be a Merchants wife,

Fell

called Looke about you.

Fell mightily in loue, gaue me his ring,  
Made me protest that I would meete him heere.  
I tolde him of his Lady, O tut quoth he,  
Ile shake her vp, ile packe her out of fight,  
He comes kinde Robin Hood, holde vp the iest.

*Enter Sir Rich. Faukenbridge and Blocke.*

*Fau.* Gods mary knaue, how long hath she bin heere ?

*Blo.* Sir she came but euen in afore you.

*Fa.* A cunning queane, a very cunning queane, 2270  
Go to your busines Block, ile meete with her. (wards. *Exit.*

*Blo.* Ah old Muttonmounger I beleue heer's worke to-

*Fau.* Doe not beleue her Mall, doe not beleue her :  
I onely spake a word or two in iest,  
But would not for the world haue bin so mad,  
Doe not beleue her Mall, doe not beleue her :

*Rob.* What should I not beleue ? what doe you meane ?

*La.* Why good Sir Richard, let me speake with you,  
Alas wil you vndoe me ? wil you shame me ?  
Is this your promise ? came I heere for this ? 2280  
To be a laughing stocke vnto your Lady

*Rob.* How now Sir Richard, what's the matter there ?

*Fa.* Ile talke with you anon, come hyther woman ?  
Didst not tel my wife what match we made : ?

*La.* I tel your wife ? thinke ye I am such a beast ?  
Now God forgiue ye, I am quite vndone.

*Fau.* Peace duck, peace ducke, I warrant al is wel.

*Rob.* What's the matter ? I pray ye fir Richard tell me ?

*Fau.* Mary Mall thus, about some twelue monthes since,  
Your brother Gloster, that mad prodigall, 2290  
Caus'd me to passe my word vnto her husband,  
For some two thousand pound : or more perchaunce,  
No matter what it is, you shall not know,  
Nay ye shal neuer aske to know.

*Rob.* And what of this ?

*Fau.* Mary the man's decayde,  
And I beleue a little thing would please her ;  
A very little thing, a thing of nothing.  
Goe in good Mall, and leaue vs two alone,

Ile

## A pleasant Commodity

Ile deale with ye as simply as I can.

2300

*La.* Fox looke about ye, ye are caught yfaith.

*Rob.* Deale with her simply, ô ho; what kinde of dealing ?  
Can ye not deale with her and I be by ?

*Fau.* Mary a God, what are ye iealous ?

Ye teach me what to doe : in, get you in.

O I haue heard Prince Richard was your guest,  
How dealt you than ? In get you in I say,  
Must I take care about your brothers debts,  
And you stand crossing me, in, or ile send you in. *Exit Robin.*  
Ha firra, you'l be master, you'l weare the yellow,  
You'l be an ouer-seer : mary shal yee.

2310

*La.* Ye are too curst (methinkes fir) to your Lady ;

*Fau.* Ah wench content thee, I must beare her hard,  
Else she'l be prining into my dalliances :  
I am an olde man sweet girle I must be merry,  
All steele, al spright, keep in health by change,  
Men may be wanton, wovcen must not range.

*La.* You haue giuen good counsel fir, ile repent me,  
Heer's your ring, ile onely loue my husband.

*Fau.* I meane not so, I thinke to day thou toldes me  
Thy husband was an vnthrift, and a bankrout,  
And he be so, tut thou haft fauour store,  
Let the knaue beg, beauty cannot be poore.

*La.* Indeed my husband is a bankrout,  
Of faith, of loue, of shame, of chastity,  
Dotes vpon other women more then me.

*Fau.* Ha doe he so ? then giue him tit for tat,  
Haue one so young and faire, and loues another,  
He's worthy to be coockolded by the masse.  
What is he olde or young ?

2320

*La.* About your age.

*Fa.* An old knaue and cannot be content with such a peate,  
Come to my closet girle, make much of me,  
We'll appoint a meeting place some twise a weake,  
And ile maintaine thee like a Lady, ha ?

*La.* O but you'll forget me prefently,  
When you looke well vpon your Ladies beauty.

*Fau.* Who

called Looke about you.

*Fau.* Who vpon her? why she is a very dowdy,  
A dishclout, a foule lippie vnto thee,  
Come to my closet lassē, there take thy earnest  
Of loue, of pleasure and good maintenaunce. 2340

*La.* I am very fearefull.

*Fau.* Come foole never feare I am Lord heare, who shall  
disturb as then?

Nay come, or by the rood Ile make you come,

*La.* Help Madam Faukenbridge for gods sake.

*Enter Robin Hood and Blocke.*

*Fau.* How now, what meanst?

*La.* Help Gentle Madam help,

*Rob.* How now what aylſt thou? 2350

*Bloc.* Nay andt be a woman, nere feare my master Madam

*La.* Why speakeſt thou not, what aylſt thou?

*Fau.* Why nothing, by the rood nothing ſhe aylſ.

*La.* O Madam this vile man would haue abuſed me,  
And forcfſt me to his cloſet,

*Rob.* Ah olde cole, now looke about, you are catcht,

*La.* Call in your fellowes blocke,

*Fa.* Doe not thou knaue,

*La.* Doe or Ile cracke your crowne,

*Blo.* Nay Ile doo't, I knowe ſhe meanes to shame you. *Exit.* 2360

*Fau.* Why Mall wilt thou beleeue this paultrie woman?

Huſwife Ile haue you whipt for flaundring me.

*Ro.* What Leacher, no ſhe is an honest woman,  
Her husband's well knowne, all the houſhold knowes.

*Blo.* Heer's ſome now, to tell all the towne your mynd,

*La.* Before ye all I muſt ſure complaine,  
You fee this wicked man, and ye all knowe  
How oft he hath byn Iealous of my life,  
Suspecting falſhood being falſe himſelfe;

*Blo.* O maifter, O maifter, 2370

*Fau.* She flaunders me. ſhe is a coufoning queane,  
Fetch me the Conſtable, Ile haue her puniſht,

*La.* The Conſtable for me fie, fie vpon ye.  
Madam do you know this ring?

*Rob.* It is fir Richards.

I

*Blo.* O

## A pleasant Commodity

*Blo.* O I, that's my masters too fure.

*Fau.* I mary, I did lend it to the false drab  
To fetch some money for that bankrout knaue  
Her husband, that lyes prisoner in the Fleet.

*La.* My husband bankrout? my husband in the Fleet 2380  
No, no, he is as good a man as you. (ner?)

*Rob.* I that he is, and can spend pound for pound  
With thee yfaith, wert richer then thou art,  
I know the gentleman.

*La.* Nay Madam he is hard by, there must be Reuelles at the  
Hinde to night;

Your copesmate there, Prince Iohn.

*Rob.* Ther's a hot youth.

*Bl.* O, a fierce Gentleman.

*La.* He was fierce as you, but I haue matcht him, 2390  
The Princeffe shall be there in my attyre.

*Fau.* A plaguy crafty queane, mary a God  
I see Prince Iohn, coorted as well as I,  
And since he shal be mockt as well as I,  
Its some contentment.

*Bl.* Masse he droopes, fellow Humphrey, he is almost taken,  
Looke about ye old Richard?

*Fau.* Hence knaues, get in a little, prethee Mall  
Let thou and I and she, shut vp this matter.

*Rob.* Away sirs, get in.

*Bl.* Come, come let's goe, he wil be baited now, farewel old

*Rob.* Now sir, what say you now? (Richard. *Exit*)

*Fa.* Mary sweet Mall I say I met this woman, likt her, lou'd  
For she is worthy loue I promise thee; (her,  
I say I coorted her: tut make no braule  
Twixt thou and I, we'l haue amends for all.

*Ro.* Had I done such a tricke, what then? what then?

*Fau.* Ah prethee Mall, tut beare with men.

*Rob.* I, we must beare with you; you'l be excus'd,  
When women vndeserued are abus'd. 2410

*Fau.* Nay doe not weep, pardon me gentle Lady,  
I know thee vertuous, and I doo protest,  
Neuer to haue an euill thought of thee.

*Rob.* I

called Looke about you.

*Rob.* I, I, ye fweare, who's that that will beleue ye?

*Fau.* Now by my holydam and honest faith,  
This Gentlewoman shall witnes what I fweare.  
Sweet Ducke a little help me?

*La.* Trust him Madam.

*Fau.* I will be kinde, credulous, constant euer,  
Doe what thou wilt, ile be suspitious neuer.

2420

*Ro.* For which I thanke noble Faukenbridge.

*Fau.* Body of me who's this? yong Huntington?

*La.* And I your Lady whome you coorted last,  
Ye lookt about you ill, foxe we haue caught ye,  
I met ye at Blacke heath, and ye were hot.

*Fau.* I knew thee Mall, now by my fword I knew thee,  
I winkt at all, I laught at euery iest.

*Rob.* I, he did winke, the blinde man had an eye.

*Fa.* Peace Robin, thou't once be a man as I.

*La.* Well, I must beare it all.

2430

*Fa.* Come, & ye beare, its but your office, come forget sweet

*La.* I doe forgiue it, and forget it fir. (Mall.

*Fa.* Why that's well said, that's done like a good girle:  
Ha firra, ha you matcht me pretty Earle?

*Rob.* I haue, ye see fir I must vnto Blacke heath,  
In quest of Richard, whom I sent to seeke  
Earle Gloster out, I know he's at the Hermits;  
Lend me your Coach; Ile shifft me as I ride,  
Farewell fir Richard.

*Exit.*

*Fau.* Farewell Englands pride, by the mattins Mall it is a 2440  
pretty childe;

Shall we goe meete Iohn? shall we goe mocke the Prince?

*La.* We will.

*Fa.* O then we shall haue sport anon,  
Neuer weare yellow Mall, twas but a tricke,  
Olde Faukenbridge wil stiil be a mad Dicke.

*Exit.*

Sc. xvi

*Enter Redcap and Gloster.*

*Red.* Doe ye f f say fa fa father Hermit, th that Gl Gloster is  
about this Heath?

*Glo.* He is vpon this Heath, Sonne looke about it, 2450  
Run but the compasse, thou shalt finde him out,

I 2

*Red.* R r

## A pleasant Commodity

*Red.* R r run? ile r run the co compasse of all k Kent but Ile f  
finde him out, my f f father (where ere hee layes his head)  
dare ne never co come home I know, t t till hee bee fo fo  
found.

*Gl.* Wel thou shalt find him, knowst thou who's a hunting?

*Red.* M m mary tis the Earles of La La Lancaster and Le  
Leyster. Fa fa farewell f father, and I finde Skink or Glo Glo-  
ster, Ile g g giue thee the pr prise of a penny p p pudding for  
thy p paines.

2460

*Glo.* Adew good friend: this is sure the fellow  
I sent on message from the Parlament.  
The Porters sonne, he's still in quest of me,  
And Skinke that confonned him of his red cap.

*Enter Richard like a Serving man.*

But looke about thee Gloster, who comes yonder?  
O a plaine seruvingman, & yet perhaps his bags are lyn'd,  
And my purfle now growes thin: if he haue any I must share

*Enter Skinke like a Hermit.* (with him.

2470

And who's on yond side? O it is my Hermit,  
Hath got his other sute since I went foorth.

*Ski.* Sbloud yonder's company, ile backe againe,  
Elfe I would be with you counterfeite,  
Ile leaue the rogue till opportunity,  
But never eat till I haue quit my wrong.

*Exit*

*Ric.* I saw two men attend like holy Hermits,  
One's slipt away, the other at his beades,  
Now Richard for the loue of Marian,  
Make thy inquiry where mad Gloster liues.

2480

If England or the verge of Scotland holde him,  
Ile seeke him thus disguis'd: if he be past  
To any forraigne part; ile follow him.

Loue thou art Lord of hearts, thy lawes are sweet,  
In euery troubled way, thou guidst our feete.  
Louers inioyn'd to passe the daungerous Sea  
Of big swolne sorrow, in the Barke affection;  
The windes and waues of woe need never feare,  
While Loue, the helme doth like a Pylate steare.

*Glo.* Heer's some louer come, a mischiefe on him,

I

called Looke about you.

I know not how to answere these mad fooles,  
But ile be briefe, ile marre the Hermits tale ;  
Off gowne, holde Buckler, slice it bilbowe blade.

2490

*Ric.* What's this? what should this meane? old man, good  
*Glo.* Young foole deliuer else see your end. (friend

*Ric.* I thought thou hadst been holy and a Hermit.

*Glo.* What ere you thought, your purfse? come quickly sir?  
Cast that vpon the ground, and then conferre.

*Ric.* There it is.

*Glo.* Falles it so heauy? then my heart is light.

*Ric.* Thou't haue a heauy heart before thou touch it, 2500  
Theft shrinde in holy weedes? stand to't y'are best.

*Glo.* And if I doe not, seeing such a pray,  
Let this be to me a disaster day.

*Ric.* Art thou content to breath? *Fight & part once or twice*

*Glo.* With al my heart, take halfe thy money & we'l friend-

*Ric.* I will not cherish theft. (ly part.

*Glo.* Then I defye thee. *Fight againe and breath.*

*Ric.* Alas for pitty, that so stout a man,  
So reuerend in aspect, should take this course.

*Glo.* This is no common man with whom I fight, 2510  
And if he be, he is of wondrous spright,  
Shall we part stakes?

*Ric.* Fellow take the purfse vpon condition thou wilt fol-

*Glo.* What waite on you? weare a turn'd Liuery? (low me?  
Whose man's your master? If I be your man,  
My mans mans office will be excellent:

There lyes your purfse againe, win it and weare it. *Fight.*

*Enter Robin Hood, they breath, offer againe.*

*Rob.* Clashing of weapons at my welcome hyther?  
Bickring vpon Blacke-heath, well said olde man, 2520  
Ile take thy fide, the yonger hath the oddes.  
Stay, end your quarrell, or I promise ye  
Ile take the olde mans part.

*Ric.* You were not wont yong Huntington, stil on Richards

*Rob.* Pardon gratioues Prince I knew ye not. (fide

*Gl.* Prince Richard: then lye enuy at his foote,  
Pardon thy cousen Gloster, valiant Lord,

### A pleasent Commodity

I knew no common force confronted myne,  
O heauen I had the like conseite of thine.

*Ric.* I tell thee Robin Gloster thou art met,  
Bringing such comfort vnto Richards heart,  
As in the foyle of warre when dust and sweat,  
The thirst of weake, and the Sunnes fiery heate,  
Hauе seazd vppon the soule of valiaunce,  
And he must faint except he be refresht,  
To me thou comſt as if to him ſhould come,  
A perry from the North, whose froſtie breath  
Might fan him coolneſſe in that doubt of death.  
With me then meets, as he a ſpring might meet,  
Cooling the earth vnder his toyle partcht feet,  
Whose christall moyſture in his Helmit taine,  
Comforts his ſpyrits, makes him ſtrong againe.

*Glo.* Prince, in ſhort termes if you haue brought me com-  
fort

Know if I had my pardon in this hand  
That ſmit base Skinke in open Parlament,  
I would not come to Court, till the high paſt  
Of your proud brothers birth day be expyred,  
For as the olde King as he made a vow  
At his vnluckie Coronation,  
Must waite vpon the boy and fill his cuppe,  
And all the Pieres must kneele while Henry kneelles  
Vnto his cradle; he ſhall hang me vp,  
Eare I commit that vile Idolatrie.  
But when the paſt is paſt if you'll befrend me,  
Ile come and braue my proud foes to their teeth,

*Ric.* Come Robin, and if my brothers grace denye,  
Ile take thy parte, them and their threates defye,

*Glo.* Gramercy Princely Dicke,

*Rob.* I haue ſome power, I can rayſe two thouſand Soldiers  
in an hower,

*Glo.* Gramercy Robin, gramercy little wag,  
Prince Richard, pray let Huntington  
Carry my fifter Faukenbridge this ring,

*Ric.* Ile carry it my ſelfe, but I had rather  
Had thy kinde company, thou mightſt haue mou'd

Thy

2530

2540

2550

2560

called Looke about you.

Thy Sister, whome I long haue vainely lou'd,

*Glo.* I like her that she shunes temptation  
Prince Richard, but I beare with doting louers,  
I should not take it well, that you vrge me  
To such an office: but I beare with you,  
Loue's blindand mad, hie to her boldly, try her;  
But if I know she yeeld, faith Ile defie her,

2570

*Ric.* I like thy honorable resolusion,  
Gloster I pray thee pardon my intreate,

*Glo.* its mens custome; part part Gentle Prince,  
Farwell good Robin, this gold I will borrow,  
Meet you at stepney pay you all to morrow,

*Rob.* A dew Gloster,

*Gl.* Farwell, be short; you gone, I hope to haue a little spord

*Ric:* Take heed mad Cuz.

*Exeunt.* 2580

*Glo.* Tut tell not me of heed,

He that's too wray neuer hath good sped.

*Hollowing within, Enter Lanc.* with a broken staffe in his hand.

Whose this old Lancaster my honoured frend?

*Lan.* These knaues haue seru'd me well, left me alone,  
I haue hunted fairely, lost my purse, my chaine,  
My Iewels, and bin bangd hy a bold knaue,  
Clad in a Hermits gowne like an olde man,  
O what a world is this? *Glo.* Its ill my Lord.

*Lan.* Hee's come againe, O knaue tis the worse for thee, 2590  
Keepe from me, be content with that thou haft,  
And see thou flie this heath, for if I take thee,  
Ile make thee to all theeues aspectacle,  
Had my staffe held, thou hadst not scaped me so,  
But come not neare me, follow not thou art best,  
Holla, Earle Leyster, holla Huntsman hoe?

*Glo.* Vppon my life, old Lancaster a Hunting,  
Hath met my fellow Hermit, could I meet him,  
Ide play rob theefe, at least part stakes with him.

*Skin.* Zounds he is yonder alone,

2600

*Enter Redcap with a cudgell.*

Skinke now reuenge thy selfe on yonder flaue,  
Znayles stll preuented? this fame Redcap rogue

Runs

## A pleasant Commodity

Runs like hob-goblin vp and downe the heath.

*Red.* Wh wh wh whose He Hermit, ye ha ha ma ma made  
Re Redcap run a fine co co compasse, ha haue you not?

*Ski.* I made thee run?

*Glo.* Younders my euill Angell, were redcap gone, Gloster  
would coniure him.

*Red.* Ie Ie Iefus bl bleffe me, whop to to two Hermits? Ile 2610  
ca ca caperclaw to to tone of yee, for mo mo mocking me,  
and I d d doo not ha ha hang me: wh wh which is the fa fa  
false k k k knaue? for I am f f fure the olde He He Hermit wo  
would neuer mo mocke an honest man.

*Glo.* he is the counterfet he mockt thee fellow.  
I did not see thee in my life before,  
He weares my garments, and has couffoned me,

*Red.* Haue you co co coufoned the he Hermit and m made  
Redcap run to no pu pu purpose?

*Ski.* No he's counterfet I will tell no lyes, 2620  
As fure as Skinke deceiu'd thee of thy clothes,  
Sent thee to Kent, gauie thee thy fare by water,  
So fure hee's false, and I the perfet Hermit,

*Glo.* This villaine is a coniurer I doubt,  
Were he the deuill yet I would not budge,

*Red.* Si si firra, you are the co countefeite, O this is the tr tr  
true He Hermit, sta sta stand still g good man at that, ile bu  
bumbast you yfaith, ile make you g giue the olde m m man  
his gowne.

*Offers to strike, Gloster trippes up his heeles, shiffts Skinke 2630  
into his place.*

G g gods lid are ye go good at that? ile cu cudgell yee f f for  
this tr tr tricke.

*Ski.* It was not I twas he that cast thee downe,

*Red.* You li li li lye you ra ra rafcall you, I le left ye st stan-  
ding he heare.

*Ski.* Zounds hold you stammerer, or Ile cut your stumps.

*Glo.* He's for me he's weapon'd, I like that.

*Red.* O heer's a ro ro rogue in ca ca carnat, help, mu murder  
murder.

*Enter Lancaster & Huntsmen at one doore, Leyster & Huntsmen  
at another.*

*Lan.* Lay

2640

called Looke about you.

*Lan.* Lay holde vpon that theeuish counterfeit,

*Ley.* Why heares another Hermit Lancaster :

*Glo.* I am the Hermit sir, that wretched man

Doth many a robberie in my disguise :

*Skin.* Its he that robs, he flaunders me, he lies.

*Lan.* Which set on thee ?

*Red.* Th this ffellow has a fffsword and a buckler.

*Lan.* Search him ; this is the theefe, o heares my purse,

2650

My chaine, my Iewels : oh thou wicked wretch,

How darst thou vnder shew of holines,

Commit fuch actions of impietie ?

Bind him, Ile haue him made a publicke scorne.

*Ski.* Lay holde vpon that other hermit.

He is a counterfeit as well as I,

He stole those clothes from me, for I am Skinke,

Search him, I know him not, he is some flaeue.

*Glo.* Thou lyest base varlet.

*Re.* O g God he has a fword too, S Skink are you ca catcht ? 2660

*Lan.* Villaine thou shalt with me vnto the Court.

*Ley.* And this with me, this is the traytor Gloster.

*Glo.* Thou lyest proud Leyster I am no traytor.

*Re.* G gloster ? O b braue, now m my father sh shal be f free

*Lan.* Earle Gloster I am sorry thou art taken.

To any heare but noble Lancaster,

Let Skinke be Leysters prisoner Ile be thine.

*Ley.* Thou shalt be mine.

*Glo.* First through a crimson fluce, Ile send thy hated soule 2670

to those blacke fiendes

That long haue houered gaping for their parte,

When tyrant life should leaue thy traytor heart.

Come Lancaster keep Skinke ile goe with thee,

Let loose the mad knaue, for I prayse his shiffts,

He shall not starte away, ile be his guide,

And with proude looks outface young Henries pride.

*Ley.* Looke to them Lancaster vpon thy life.

*Red.* Well ile r r run and get a p pardon of the K K K King,

Gloster and Skinke ta ta taken ? O b b braue, r r r run re 2680

### A pleasant Commodity

Re Red ca cap a and ca ca cary the first n n newes to co co court.

*Ley.* Lancaster ile helpe to guarde them to the Court.

*Lan.* Doe as you please.

*Glo.* Leyster doe not come neare me, for if thou doe, thou shalt buy it dearely.

*Ley.* Ile haue thy hand for this.

*Glo.* Not for thy heart.

*Ski.* Braue Earle, had Skinke knowne thou hadst been the Noble Gloster (whose mad trickes haue made mee loue <sup>2690</sup> thee) I would haue dy'd Blacke heath red with the bloud of millions, ere we would haue been taken; but what reme- dy, we are fast & must answere it like Gentlemen, like Soul- diers, like resolutes.

*Gl.* I ye are a gallant, come olde Lancaster,  
For thy sake will I goe; or else by heauen  
Ide send some dozen of these flaues to hel.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Prince Richard, Robert Hoode & Lady Faukenbridge. Sc. xvii*

*La.* Your trauaile and your comfortable newes,  
This Ring, the certaine signe you met with him, <sup>2700</sup>  
Bindes me in duetyous loue vnto your grace:  
But on my knees I fall, and humbly craue,  
Importune that no more, you nere can haue.

*Ric.* Nay then ye wrong me Lady Faukenbridge,  
Did you not ioyne your faire white hand?  
Swore that ye would forswear your husbands bed,  
If I could but finde out Gloster?

*La.* I fweare so? *Ric.* By heauen

*Rob.* Take heed, its a high oath my Lord.

*Ric.* What meanst thou Huntington? <sup>2710</sup>

*Ro.* To faue your soule, I doe not loue to haue my friends  
She neuer promist that you vrge her with. (forfworne,

*Ric.* Goe to, prouoke me not.

*Rob.* I tell you true, twas I in her attyre that promist you,  
She was gone vnto the wizard at Blacke heath,  
And there had futers more then a good many.

*Ric.* Was I deluded then?

*La.* No

called Looke about you.

*La.* No not deluded, but hindred from desire vnchast and  
O let me wooo yee with the tougue of ruth, (rude :  
Dewing your Princely hand with pitties teares,  
That you would leaue this most vnlawful fute,  
If ere we liue till Faukenbridge be dead,  
(As God defend his death I should defire)  
Then if your highnes daine so base a match,  
And holy lawes admit a mariage,  
Considering our affinity in bloud,  
I will become your Handmayde not your harlot.  
That shame shall neuer dwell vpon my brow.

2720

*Rob.* Ifaith my Lord she's honorably resolu'd,  
For shame no more, impotune her no more.

2730

*Ri.* Marian I see thy vertue, and commend it,  
I know my error seeking thy dishonor,  
But the respectleffe, reafonles commaund  
Of my inflamed loue, bids me still try,  
And trample vnder foote all pietye.  
Yet for I will not feeme too impious,  
Too inconsiderate of thy seeming grieve,  
Vouchsafe to be my Mistris: vse me kindly,  
And I protest ile ftrive with all my power,  
That lust himselfe may in his heate deuour.

2740

*La.* You are my seruant then.

*Ric.* Thankes sacred Mistresse.

*Ro.* What am I?

*La.* You are my fellow Robert.

*Enter Faukenbridge in his hose and dublet.*

*Fau.* What Prince Richard? noble Huntington?  
Welcome, yfaith welcome, by the morrow Mass  
You are come as fitly as my heart can wish:  
Prince Iohn this night will be a Reueller,  
He hath inuited me and Marian.  
Gods mary mother goe along with vs,  
Its but hard by, clofe by, at our towne Tauerne.

2750

*Ric.* Your Tauerne?

*Fau.* O I I I tis his owne made match,  
Ile make you laugh, ile make you laugh yfaith;

K 2

Come,

A pleasent Commodity,

Come, come, he's ready, O come, come away.

*La.* But wher's the Princeffe?

*Fa.* He's ready too, Block Bl. my man, must be her waiting  
Nay wil ye goe? for gods sake let vs goe. (man,

*Ri.* Is the iest so? nay then let vs away. 2760

*Rob.* O twill allay his heate, make dead his fire.

*Fau.* Ye bob'd me first, ye first gau me my hyre,  
But come agods name, Prince Iohn stayes for vs. *Exeunt.*

*Rob.* This is the word, euer at spend-thriftes feastes,  
They are guld themselues, and scoff at by their guestes. *Exit.*

*Enter John.*

Sc. xviii

*Job.* Buffild and scofft, Skinke, Gloster, women, fooles, and  
boyes abuse me?

Ile be reueng'd,

*Ric.* Reueng'd, and why good childe?  
Olde Faukenbridge hath had a worser basting.

*Fa.* I, they haue banded from chafe to chafe;  
I haue been their tennis ball, since I did coort,

*Ric.* Come Iohn, take hand with vertuous Isabell,  
And lets vnto the Court like louing friends,  
Our Kingly brothers birth daies feastiuall,  
Is foorthwith to be kept, thether we'l hye,  
And grace with pompe that great solemynity.

*Jo.* Whether ye wil, I care not where I goe:  
If grieve wil grace it, ile adorne the shew. 2780

*Fa.* Come Madam, we must thither, we are bound.  
*La.* I am loath to see the Court, Gloster being from thence,  
Or kneele to him that gau vs this offence.

*Fa.* Body of me peace woman, I prethee peace.

*Enter Redcap.*

*Red.* Go go god ye, go god f speed ye,

*Job.* Whether run you fir knaue?

*Red.* R r run ye fir knaue? why I r run to my La Lady Fa Faukenbridge, to te te tell her Sk Skinke and Gl Gloster is t taken, and are g g one to the C C Court with L Lord Leyster, 2790 and L Lord la la Lancaster.

*Jo.* Is Gloster taken? thether will I flye  
Vpon wraths wings, not quiet til he dye. *Exit with Princeffe*

*Ri.* Is

called Looke about you.

*Rich.* Is Gloster taken?

*Red:* I he is ta taken I wa warrant ye with a wi witnes,

*Ric.* Then will I to Court, & eyther set him free, or dye the  
Follow me Faukenbridge, feare not faire Madam: (death,  
You said you had the Porter in your house,  
Some of your seruants bring him, on my life  
One hayre shal not be taken from his head,  
Nor he, nor you, nor Gloster iniured.

2800

*Fa.* Come Mall, and Richard say the word nere feare.

*Ro.* Madam, we haue twenty thoufand at our call,  
The most, young Henry dares, is but to braule.

*La:* Pray God it prooue so. (Porter.

*Ric:* Follow Huntington: sir Rich. doe not faile to fende the

*Fa:* Blocke, bring the Porter of the Fleete to Court.

*Bl.* I wil fir.

*Red:* The p p Porter of the fl fl Fleete to Court? what p p  
porter of the fl fl Fleete?

2810

*Blo.* What Redcap, run redcap, wilt thou see thy father?

*Red.* My fa father? I that I w wold f see my f father, & there  
be a p porter in your ho house, its my f father.

*Bl.* Follow me Redcap then. *Exit.*

*Red.* And you were two to twenty b Blockes, ide ff follow  
ye f so I would, and r run to the co co court too, and k kneele  
before the k k King f f for his pa pardon.

*Block within.* Come away Redcap, run Redcap.

*Red.* I I I r r run as ff fast as I I ca ca can run I wa warrant  
yee.

2820

*Enter a Sinet, first two Herraldes, after them Leyster with a Sc. xix  
Scepter, Lancaster with a Crowne Imperiall on a cusion: After  
them Henry the elder bareheaded, bearing a fword and a Globe:  
after him young Henry Crowned: Elinor the mother Queene  
Crowned: young Queene Crowned. Henry the elder places his  
Sonne, the two Queenes on eyther hand, himselfe at his feete,  
Leyster and Lancaster below him.*

*Hen.* Herrald, fetch Lancaster and Leyster Coronets,  
Suffer no Marquesse, Earle, nor Countesse enter,

K 3

Except

A pleasant Commodity,  
Except their temples circled are in golde,  
*He deliuers Cormets to Leyster and Lancaster.*

2830

Shew them our vize-roys: by our will controld  
As at a coronation, euery Peere  
Appeares in all his pompe, so at this feast  
Held for our birth-right, let them be adorn'd.  
Let Gloster be brought in, crown'd like an Earle, *Exit*  
This day we'll haue no parley of his death,  
But talke of Iouisanes and gleefull mirth.  
Let Skinke come in, giue him a Barons seat,  
High is his spirrit, his deserts are greate,

2840

*Kin.* You wrong the honour of Nobilitie,  
To place a robber in a Barons stead,

*Quee.* Its well ye tearme him not a murtherer.

*Kin.* Had I mistearmed him ?

*Quee.* I that had you Henry.

He did a peece of Iustice at my Bidding.

*Kin.* Who made you a Iustice ?

*Hen.* I that had the power. *Kin.* You had none then.

*Enter Gloster and Skinke.*

*Ley.* Yes he was crownd before.

2850

*Hen.* Why does not Gloster weare a Coronet ?

*Glo.* Because his Soueraigne doth not weare a Crowne.

*Hen.* By heauen put on thy Coronet, or that heauen  
Which now with a clear, lends vs this light,  
Shall not be courtain'd with the vaile of night,  
Eare on thy head I clap a burning Crowne,  
Of red hot Yron that shall feare thy braines.

*Ri.* Good Gloster Crowne thee with thy Coronet.

*Lan.* Doo gentle Earle.

*Skin.* Swounds doo, would I had one.

2860

*Qu.* Doo not I prethee keepe thy proud heart still.

*Glo.* Ile weare it but to croffe thy froward will.

*Hen.* Sit downe and take thy place.

*Glo.* Its the low earth.

To her I muft, from her I had my breath.

*Hen.* We are pleaf'd thou shalt fit there, Skinke take thy  
place among my nobles.

*Enter*

called Looke about you.

*Enter John and Isabell with Coronets.*

*Ski.* Thankes to King Henries grace.

*Io.* John Earle of Morton and of Notingham,  
With Isabell his Countesse, bow themselues  
Before their brother Henries Royall Throane.

2870

*Hen.* Affend your seats liue in our daily loue.

*Enter Richard, and Robert with Coronets.*

*Ric.* Richard the Prince of England, with his Ward  
The noble Robert Hood, Earle Huntington,  
Present their seruice to your Maiestie.

*Hen.* Y'are welcome too, though little be your loue.

*Enter Faukenbridge with his Lady, she a Coronet*

*Fa.* Olde Richard Faukenbridge, Knight of the croffe,  
Lord of the Cinque ports, with his noble wife  
Dame Marrian Countesse of west Hereford,  
Offer their duties at this Royall meeting.

2880

*Hen.* Sit downe, thou art a newter, she a foe,  
Thy loue we doubt, her hart too well we know.  
What futors are without, let them come in.

*Glo.* And haue no Iustice where contempt is King.

*Hen.* Mad man I giue no care to thy loose words.

*Io.* O fir y'are welcome, you haue your old seat.

*Glo.* Though thou sit hier yet my heart's as great.

2890

*Que.* Great heart wee'll make you lesser by the head.

*Glo.* Ill comes not euer to the threatned.

*Enter Blocke and Redcap.*

*Hen.* What are you two?

*Red.* M ma mary and't please you I am re re Redcap.

*Hen.* And what's your mate?

*Blo.* A poore Porter fir.

*Io.* The Porter of the fleet that was condemned.

*Blo.* No truely fir I was Porter last, when I left  
The doore open at the Tauerne.

2900

*Io.* O ift you fir?

*Ley.* And what would you two haue?

*Red.* I co co come to re re re qui quier the young K K King  
of his go goo goodnes, fince Glo Gloster is t t aken, that he  
wo wo would let my fa fa father haue his pa pa pardon.

*Hen.* Sirra

## A pleasent Commodity

*Hen.* Sirra your father has his pardon sign'd,  
Go to the office it shall be deliuered.

*Red.* And shall he be p p Porter a ga gaine ?

*Hen.* I that he shall, but let him be aduif'd  
Heareafter, how lets out prisoners.

2910

*Red.* I wa warrant ye my Lord.

*Hen.* What haft thou more to say ?

*Red.* Marry I wo would haue Skinke pu punisht for co co  
Cunnicatching me.

*Ley.* Is that your busines ?

*Red.* I by my t t troth is it.

*Hen.* Then get away.

*Glo.* A gainst Skinke (poore knaue)  
Thou gets no right this day.

*Bl.* O but run backe Redcap for the Purseuant.

2920

*Red.* O l Lord s fir, I haue another s fute for the p p Purse-  
uant, that has l l lost his b b box, and his wa wa warrant.

*Hen.* What meanes the fellow ?

*Red.* Why the pu pu Purseuant fir and the po po Porter.

*Glo.* The box that I had from him, there it is.

*Fau.* Marry a me, and I was chargd with it.

Had you it brother Gloster ? Gods good mercy,

*Hen.* And what haue you to say ?

*Bl.* Nothing fir but God blesse you, you are a goodly com-  
pany, except fir William or my Lady wil command me any 2930  
more seruice.

*Fau.* Away you prating knaue, hence varlet, hence. *Exit.*

*Ley.* Put forth them fellowes there.

*Red.* A f fo fore I go goe I b b be f ffeech you let Sk Skinke  
and gl Gloster be lo lo looked too, for they haue p p playd  
the k k knaues to to to b b bad.

*Hen.* Take hence that stutting fellow, shut them forth.

*Red.* Nay Ile ru ru run, faith you shall not n n need to b b b  
bid him ta ta take m me away, for re re Redcap will r ru run  
rarely.

*Exit.* 2940

*Hen.* The fundrie misdemeanors late committed,  
As theftes and shifts in other mens disfguise,  
We now muft (knaue Skinke) freely tell thy faults.

*Skin.* Sweet

called Looke about you.

*Skin.* Sweet King by these two terrors to myne enemies, that lend light to my bodies darknes: Cauilero Skinke being beleagerd with an hoste of leaden heeles, arm'd in ring Irish : cheated my hammerer of his Red cap and Coate ; was furprised, brought to the fleet as a person suspected, paſt currant, till Gloſter stript me from my counterfet, clad my backe in filke and my hart in sorrow, and ſo left me to the 2950 mercy of my mother witt : how Prince Iohn releaſt me, he knowes : howe I got Faukenbridges chaine, I know : but how he will get it againe, I know not.

*Fau.* Where is it firra, tell me where it is ?

*Glo.* I got it from him, and I got Iohns fword,

*Job.* I would twere to the hilts vp in thy harte.

*Ric.* O be more charitable brother Iohn.

*Ley.* My Leidge, you need not by perticulars  
Examine what the world knows too plaine,  
If you will pardon Skinke, his life is fau'd, 2960  
If not, he is conuicted by the Law.  
For Gloſter : as you worthyly refoul'd,  
First take his hand, and afterward his head.

*Hen.* Skinke thou haſt life, our pardon and our loue.

*Ski.* And your forgiueneffe for my robbery ?

*Io.* Tut neuer trouble me with ſuch a toy.  
Thou hindreſt me from hearing of my ioye.

*Hen.* Bring forth a blocke, wine, water and towell,  
Kniues, and a Surgeon to binde vp the vaines,  
Of Gloſters arme : when his right hand is off, 2970  
His hand that strooke Skinke at the Parlament :

*Sk.* I ſhall beare his blowes to my graue my Lord.

*Kin.* Sonne Henry ſee thy fathers palzie hands,  
Ioyn'd like two ſupplyants, preſſing to thy throwne ?  
Looke how the furrowes of his aged cheeke,  
Fild with the reuolets of wet eyde mone,  
Begs mercy for Earle Gloſter ? weigh his gilt,  
Why for a flaue, ſhould Royall blood be ſpilt ?

*Ski.* You wrong myne honour : Skink may be reueng'd,

*Hen.* Father I doe commend your humble courſe. 2980

### A pleasant Commodity

But quite dislike the project of your fute,  
Good words in an ill cause makes the fact worse,  
Of blood or Basenes, Iustice will dispute,  
The greater man the greater his transgression,  
Where strength wrongs weaknes, it is meare oppression,

*La.* O but King Henry heare a fister speake,  
Gloster was wrong'd, his lands were giuen away,  
They are not Iustly said, Iust lawes to break,  
That keep their owne right, with what power they may,  
Thinke then thy Royall selfe began the wrong, 2990  
In giuing Skinke what did to him belong.

*Quee.* Heare me Sonne Henry, while thou art a King,  
Giue, take, pryson, thy subiects are thy flaues,  
Life, need, thrones: proud hearts in dungions fling.  
Grace men to day, to morrowe giue them graues.  
A King must be like Fortune; euer turning,  
The world his football, all her glory spurning.

*Glo.* Still your olde counsaile Beldam pollicie,  
You'r a fit Tutreffe in a Monarchy.

*Rich.* Mother you are vniuft, sauage, too cruell,  
Vnlike a woman: gentlenes guides their sexe,  
But you to furyes fire ad more fewell,  
The vexed spirit, will you delight to vex?  
O God when I consaite what you haue done,  
I am a sham'd to be estem'd your sonne.

*Jo.* Base Richard I disdaine to call thee brother,  
Takeſt thou a traytors part in our disgrace?  
For Gloster, wilt thou wrong our sacred mother?  
I scorne thee and defie thee to thy face.  
O that we were in field, then shouldest thou trie, 3010

*Rob.* How fast Earle Iohn would from Prince Richard flye  
Thou meet a Lyon in feeld? poore mouse,  
All thy Carreers are in a Brothell houſe.

*Job.* Zounds boy.

*Ric.* Now man:

*Ley.* Richard you wrong Prince Iohn.

*Ric.* Leyster tweare Good you proou'd his Champion.

*Job.* Haſten

called Looke about you.

*Jo.* Hasten the ex ecution Royall Lord,  
Let deeds make answere for their worthleſſe wordes.

*Glo.* I know if I respected hand or head,  
I am encompaffed with a world of frends,  
And could from fury bee deliuereſt. 3020  
But then my freedom hazards many liues.  
Henry perorme the vtmost of thy hate,  
Let thy hard harted mother haue her wil,  
Giue Franticke Iohn no longer cause to prate,  
I am prepared for the worſt of ill,  
You fee my knees kiffe the could pauements face,  
They are not bent to Henry nor his frends,  
But to all you whose bloud fled to your hearts, 3030  
Shewes your true forrowe in your aſhye cheekeſ :  
To you I bend my knees, you I intreat,  
To smile on Gloſters Resoluſion.  
Who euer loues me will not ſhed a teare,  
Nor breath a ſigh, nor ſhow a cloudy frowne,  
Looke Henry, heares my hand, I lay it downe,  
And ſweare as I haue Knighthood heer't ſhall lye,  
Till thou haue vſed all thy tyranny.

*La.* Has no man heart to ſpeake ?

*Glo.* Let all that loue me keepe ſilence, or by heauen Ile 3040  
hate them dying.

*Quee.* Harry off with his hand, then with his head.

*Fau.* By the red rood I cannot chufe but weape.

Come loue or hate my teares I cannot keepe.

*Que.* When comes this lingring executioner ?

*Job.* An executioner : an executioner :

*Hen.* Call none till we haue drunke : father fill wine,  
To day your Office is to beare our cupp.

*Ric.* Ile fill it Henry.

*K.* kneele downe.

*He.* Dick you are too meane, ſo bow vnto your ſoueraigne, 3050

*Gl.* Kneele to his childe? O hell! O tortor! (Gloſter learene:

Who would loue life, to ſee this huge diſhonor ?

*Hen.* Saturne kneel'd to his Sonne, the God was faine  
To call young Ioue his ages Soveraigne.

### A pleasant Commodity

Take now your feate againe and weare your Crowne ;  
Now shineth Henry like the Middayes Sonne,  
Through his Horizon, darting all his beames,  
Blinding with his bright splendor euery eye,  
That stares against his face of Maiesty.

The Commets, whose malicious gleames  
Threatned the ruyne of our Royalty,  
Stands at our mercy, yet our wrath denyes  
All fauour, but extreame extreamityes.  
Gloster, haue to thy sorrow, chafe thy arme  
That I may see thy bloud (I long'd for oft)  
Gush from thy vaines, and staine this Pallace roofe.

3060

*To.* Twould exceed gilding.

*Quee.* I as golde doth Oaker.

*Glo.* Its wel ye count my bloud so precious.

*Hen.* Leyster reach Gloster wine.

3070

*Ley.* I reach it him ?

*Hen.* Proude Earle ile spurne thee, quicklye go & beare it

*Glo.* Ile count it poyson if his hand come neere it.

*Hen.* Giue it him Leyster vpon our displeasure.

*Glo.* Thus Gloster takes it, thus againe he flings it,  
In scorne of him that sent it, and of him that brought it.

*Ski.* O braue spirit !

*La.* Brauely resolu'd brother, I honour thee.

*Quee.* Harke how his sister ioyes in his abuse ?

Wilt thou indure it Hall ?

3080

*Fau.* Peace good Marian.

*Hen.* Auoyde there euery vnder Officer.  
Leaue but vs, our Pieres and Ladyes heere.  
Richard you loue Earle Gloster : looke about  
If you can spye one in this company,  
That hath not done as great a finne as Gloster ;  
Chuse him, let him be the executioner.

*Ric.* Thou haft done worse then, like rebellious head,  
Haft arm'd ten thousand hands against his life  
That lou'd thee so, as thou wert made a King,  
Being his childe, now he's thy vnderling.

3090

I haue

called Looke about you.

I haue done worse: thrise I drew my swoord,  
In three set battles for thy false defence.  
Iohn hath done worse, he still hath tooke thy part,  
All of vs three haue smitte our fathers heart;  
Which made proude Leyster bolde to strike his face,  
To his eternall shame, and our disgrace.

*Hen.* Silence, I see thou meanst to finde none fit.

I am sure, nor Lancaster, nor Huntington,  
Nor Faukenbridge, will lay a hand on him.  
Mother, wife, brother, lets descend the Throane  
Where Henry is the Monarch of the West,  
Hath set amongst his Princes dignified.  
Father take you the place, see Iustice.

3100

*Kin.* Its iniust Iustice I must tell thee Sonne.

*Hen.* Mother holde you the Bason, you the Towell,  
I know your French hearts thirst for English bloud;  
Iohn, take the Mallet, I will holde the knife,  
And when I bid thee smite, strike for thy life:  
Make a marke Surgion, Gloster now prepare thee.

3110

*Glo.* Tut, I am ready, to thy worst I dare thee.

*Hen.* Then haue I done my worst, thrise honoured Earle,  
I doe imbrace thee in affections armes.

*Quee.* What meanes thou Henry? O what meanes my Son?

*Hen.* I meane no longer to be lullaby'd,  
In your seditious armes.

*Hen. wife.* *Mordieu* Henry.

*Hen:* *Mordieu* nor deuill, little tit of Fraunce,  
I know your hart leapes, at our hearts mischaunce,

*Jo.* Swounds Henry thou art mad:

3120

*Hen* I haue bin mad; what stampst thou Iohn? knowst thou  
not who I am?

Come stamp the deuill out, suckt from thy Dam.

*Que.* Ile curse thee Henry.

*Hen.* You'r best be quiet, leaft where we finde you, to the  
Tower we beare you,  
For being abroad, England hath cause to feare yee.

*Kin.* I am strucke dombe with wonder.

## A pleasant Commodity

*Glo.* I amaz'd, imagine that I see a vizion.

*Hen.* Gloster, I giue thee first this Skinke, this flau,3130  
Its in thy power, his life to spill or faue,

*Skin.* He's a noble gentleman, I doe not doubt his vface.

*Hen.* Stand not thus wondring, Princes kneele all downe,  
And cast your Coronets before his Crowne.

Downe stubborne Queene, kneele to your wronged King,  
Downe Mammet ; Leyster ile cut of thy legs,  
If thou delay thy duety : when proude Iohn ?

*Io.* Nay if all kneele, of force I must be one.

*Fau.* Now by my holydom a vertuous deed.

*Hen.* Father you see your most rebellious sonne,3140  
Stricken with horror of his horred guilt,  
Requesting sentence fitting his desart,  
O treade vpon his head, that trode your heart.  
I doe deliuer vp all dignity,  
Crown, Scepter, swoord vnto your Maiestry.

*Kin.* My heart surfets with ioy in hearing this.  
And deare Sonne ile blesse thee with a kiffe.

*Hen.* I will not rife, I will not leau this ground,  
Till all these voyces ioyned in one found :  
Cry, God faue Henry seconf of that name,3150  
Let his friends liue, his foes see death with shame.

*All.* God faue Henry seconf of that name,  
Let his friends liue, his foes see death with shame.

*Hen.* Amen, Amen, Amen.

*Job.* Harke mother harke ?

My brother is already turned Clarke.

*Quee.* He is a recreant, I am mad with rage.

*Hen.* Be angry at your enuy gracious mother,  
Learne patience and true humility  
Of your worst tuter'd Sonne, for I am he.3160  
Send hence that Frenchwoman, giue her her dowry,  
Let her not speake, to trouble my milde soule,  
Which of this world hath taken her last leauie :  
And by her power, will my proude flesh controule.  
Off with these filkes, my garments shall be gray,

My

called Looke about you.

My shirt hard hayre, my bed the ashey dust,  
My pillow but a lumpe of hardned clay :  
For clay I am, and vnto clay I must,  
O I beseech ye let me goe alone,  
To liue, where my loofe life I may bemone.

3170

*Kin.* Sonne ?

*Quee.* Sonne ?

*Ric.* Brother ?

*Io.* Brother ?

*Hen.* Let none call me their Sonne, I am no mans brother,  
My kindred is in heauen, I know no other,  
Farewell, farewell, the world is yours, pray take it,  
Ile leaue vexation, and with ioy forfake it. *Exit.*

*La.* Wondrous conuerſion.

*Fau.* Admirable good : now by my holydam Mall paffing 3180

*Ric.* H'ath fir'd my foule I will to Palestine, (good.

And pay my vowes before the Sepulcher,  
Among the multitude of misbelief.  
Ile shew my selfe the Souldier of Christ,  
Spend bloud, sweat teares, for fatiffaction  
Of many many finnes which I lament :  
And neuer thinke to haue them pardoned,  
Till I haue part of Sirria conquered.

*Glo.* He makes me wonder, and inflames my fpirits,

With an exceeding zeale to Portingale, 3190  
Which Kingdome the vnchristned Sarifons,  
The blacke fac'd Affricans, and tawny Moores,  
Haue got vniustly in poffeſſion :  
Whence I will fire them with the help of heauen.

*Ski.* Skinke will ſcotrch them braue Gloſter  
Make Carbonadoes of their Bacon fletches ;  
Deserue to be counted valiant by his valour,  
And Ryuo will he cry, and Caſtile too,  
And wonders in the land of Ciule doo.

*Rob.* O that I were a man to fee theſe fightſ, 3200  
To ſpend my bloud amonſt theſe worthy Knights.

*Fa.* Mary aye me, were I a boy againe,

Ide

### A pleasant Commodity

Ide either to Ierusalem or Spaine.

*Job.* Faith Ile keepe England, mother you and I  
Will liue, for all this fight and foolery.

*Kin.* Peace to vs all, let's all for peace giue prayse,  
Vnlookt for peace, vnlookt for happy dayes.  
Loue Henries birth day, he hath bin new borne,  
I am new crowned, new settled in my feate.

Lets' all to the Chappell, there giue thankes and praise,      3210  
Befeeching grace from Heauens eternal Throne,  
That England neuer know more Prince then one. *Exeunt*

*F J N I S.*

